



DRAWING INSPIRED IN A WORK OF ART BY JUDD CASTELL

3 CONTOS MORAIS

3 MORAL TALES

1992
by

CLAUDIO MUR
2012

Title: Three Moral Tales

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These texts were written between 1998 and 2002.

They were included in

The Scream back in 2003. Only two printed copies were produced.

During the process of transposition to the english version

the originals were under review and were 'finally' finished this year, 2012.

Along with Claudio Mur, here you get:

subliminals in paper napkins inscribed by Xanda;

viral messages sent via net by Icata;

splendour wishes written by Via Lactea.

The drawings are by ZMB and include

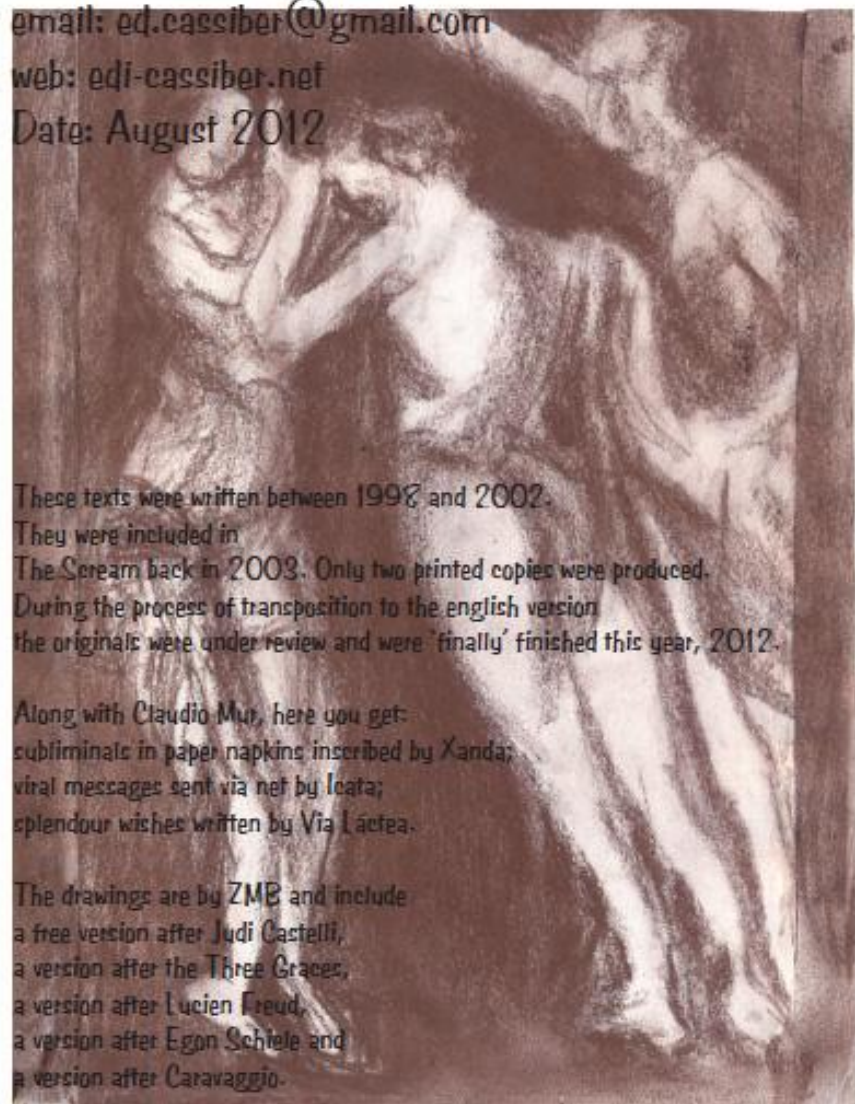
a free version after Judi Castelli,

a version after the Three Graces,

a version after Lucien Freud,

a version after Egon Schiele and

a version after Caravaggio.





MUSHROOMS OR

John Moore

Mushrooms or the search for identity and space

Delford Drive 89, Sunday 22h30m

I am at home.

I feel like fragile. Yesterday night, I ate again magic mushrooms. I don't know how many I ate. Everything comes to the surface.

I am at The Cork Arms watching a band with a sixty years old man playing the trumpet and a lady, who could be his daughter, singing to the sound of tapes with instrumental versions of jazz from the thirties. I am near the door completely drunk and the people passing on the street look inside attracted for the music, for the party mood, for the people on their forties or fifties wearing paper hats. A guy bringing a camera shows up, looks, enters curious, goes out and, passing some minutes, enters again. He decides to take a photo starting from the singer. It's funny to watch the old man simulate to play the trumpet to justify such a photo. He understands and takes a picture of him.

At this moment, a quarter to eleven pm and because we are in the weekend jazz festival I don't want to go catching the bus on the way home. I recall I had last year managed to get inside the Metropole Hotel from the horse's door handing a fiver to the doorman, I had stayed there until five in the morning listening to the end of several shows, drinking with Dublin guests at the hotel, still a several hours jam session ending myself in apotheosis with a few moments of fingering a piano forte parked on the hallway on the way to the exit. I decide then to walk to the Metropole. The distance is just twenty meters and in this space

time I decide I shall go home. While I walk, I still think on going by Rob's house to see how they are keeping and smoke a joint, but I decide fairly on entering the bus as it is the last one and if I don't do it, then I'd need to catch a cab.

I arrive, I eat something, put myself onto watching a film called Marnie, a tormented woman with events occurred in childhood and who because of that is unable to be touched by men. I sleep until noon.

I awake in a good mood after a deep sleep, I don't recall having dreamed, and I could stay here eternally as my body asks for. I decide to fight laziness by smoking two pot joints before heading off home to watch Elvin Jones. The laziness, meanwhile, is so that I say fuck it and I don't take a bath nor a shave. I grab the bicycle and leave completely exhausted going to the kiosk to get this notebook, I pedal then until the city, catch a rain shower on the way and I arrive happy and wet to the Everyman Palace around half past one pm.

I get the ticket and go to have coffee at the Vibes & Scribes, a second hand shop, a CD shop, vinyl and music second hand. It gives my self the will of spending sixteen quid on a Jimi Hendrix's vinyl. Are you experienced? About life experiences, I recall having said to a female painter that I would like to make a painting showing human forms in the form of letters, for example, the word LOVE..., she works on a convenience shop to survive, another female painter said to my self she wins her life selling olives. Instead of the word Love I have painted the word Aids: the homosexual as an A, the motherfucker gigolo as an I, the spike drug as a D and the blue woman dancing like an S. Nothing more

than a treble-clef on a musical score with the title The four pop dis-graces.

I return around half past two to enter but as there is some delay, I go to the Metropole to scoop the environment. A band of decadent aspect plays for half a dozen people seated and with no will to smile. I return to Everyman to watch the gig of a guitar player who seems to be getting continuous orgasms of pleasure. Elvin Jones' gig ranks by the force of his drums, by the piano solos, by the joy he transmits almost seemingly drunk whilst talking, by the alto sax, the trumpet, I just don't like the double bass.

When I walk out, I don't feel like going straight home, that's why I walk around the city with the bike and I finally decide.

I arrive at Rob's house around seven pm. Gavin answers, he is passing by with the girlfriend Sinead. Gavin may not like me, maybe due to unfounded jealousy as I had never the intention of getting to her but she's so nice always with me that she seems... who knows, it's just another fantasy of mine! Rob is not. I head towards the kitchen and I see the other Rob washing dishes. He is twenty one, black short hair, round head and red face. Sean enters, he has blond hair, plays amateur football and washes trains to pay the lecture fees. He brings a bit of dutch pot and he makes one. Next, they eat a large pot of smashed potatoes with two steaks each. I watch them eating happily, full of hunger and I become almost ill starved. They eat before going to work. Their entrance is at eight pm.

I head to the tv room and smoke a pot joint. I watch a classical music programme where they speak about a composer named George Solti. Spared some minute, enters on the room a eighteen year old girl and Valerie. She brings a wimple with

springs, or something like it, over the hair. They look at me and laugh. I look at them and I ask suspicious why does she uses that wimple. The friend says she wants to be blonder. There are times I hate the virgin mary.

Then, I look to the tv and I think I shall change the programme. I put The Simpsons on and we all watch The Simpsons. Funny, with so much healthy innocence, it seems to me I am almost like a dad at this room, seated on the sofa with two ashtrays on each arm, smoking my rolled cigarette, a week no shave, dirty glasses, some kind of nut not taking a bath over a week. Besides, I am full of sleepiness and I even think if I'll take mushrooms maybe I could awake. A freak dad.

Once, we walked out of home in car towards the countryside, joking the police surveillance paranoia game and we landed on a green field aptly called Field of Dreams, where several people looked at the soil. It was my second marvellous experience related to the earth soil. The first time, I had run away when I was five or six, terrified with the bugs, the potato bugs I had tried to enter a water well down, at the end of the day I was playing with those little monsters. Searching for mushrooms in the middle of the leaves, recognize the good species, put them in a bag and return hours later home, eat them with butter toasts, hallucinate with the friends faces and the muscles moving on a MTV video, being scared with the "Misery" film which seems so real and go home paying attention to the possible pink elephants...

Rob enters for some moments, watches the end of The Simpsons show and leaves to work at Fred Zeppelins. Some time spared, the girls leave the tv room announcing they are leaving too. I look at them, say see you later and I continue to watch tv

as if I were at my home. Half an hour later the can exhausts and I decide to leave and go the pub. I pass by the employment services and I read the ads: helpers needed, bar waiters, system engineers etc. then I imagine the italian Mr. Cool, a professor in sales technique, unemployed nowadays, reading the sunday paper whilst having coffee, an ad says: "we look for a professional, integration on a company expanding over the national and international market, on-the-job training, career opportunity, salary according to profile and experience". Mr. Cool thinks this to be a good proposal and decides, after the dinner to write the manuscript presentation letter, saying: "Following the ad published at the Republic Newspaper, I have decided by this means to present myself as a candidate for your given appreciation. My name is Mr. Cool and I am a professional. With my best compliments." Then, Mr. Cool observes "Curriculum vitae... sons of the bitches, someday, I'll have to hit as a sex-worker the prostitution streets, vaffanculo..." Cu-ri-culum... vitae... I am sorry for Mr. Cool.

I go to Fred Zeppelins, a pub where you can see all kind of people, to drink a beer. I prefer Beamish, it has a bitter accent, it reminds me the red wine. Ten minutes spared, Andrew, who I have met at the very weird Rory and Simon's house, shows up with his girlfriend Katrina. I don't recognize him at the first sight although I reckon I know him from somewhere. He says that, perhaps, I don't remember him already to which I reply, after some black shadow moments, that I met him on a saturday. Not more not less, the light illuminates my self now. He agrees, but perhaps he feels strange so much precision on a specific day - a saturday, or, at least, it's this way I interpret my own words.

While he disappears to the bathroom, Katrina starts talking to me so close, but so close, that her talking, her breath, her smell makes my self wanting to kiss her perfectly thin neck, the long red hair. So absent I am, I desire not to desire the women I can never have in this or in any other moment as either they have a boyfriend or they are unreachable. Fuck!, or, perhaps, it's just in these moments I desire women or, perhaps, it's just in these moments that they talk to me so close, so beautiful and so unreachable. There are times I hate Marlene Dietrich. I don't know, it sounds weird.

We go to the first floor listening to reggae music and wait for the band to play. It's good to listening to reggae. "I like the rhythm, it's relaxing", I say to Andrew. He answers that reggae is too relaxing and that he relaxes with faster things like Sisters of Mercy, Nine Inch Nails. He says something like Katrina being shut up and that if she had drunk wine she would be less so, to which I reply "let's drink a bottle of wine!" I am like this, I was born like this, I say the things like this, they are bread like this always in the wrong moments and with the wrong people. I ask you world for sorry but I had to say it. Andrew laughs and says nothing. I imagine him thinking: "This guy may be trying to eat my girlfriend..."; or then he thinks nothing like this, it's just my paranoia of the moment.

At a quarter past eleven, the band starts to play teenage pop. I don't like a bit. Around eleven thirty, I get up saying I am going home on the last bus.

While I walk towards the bike, I think I must not go already home, it's monotonous, boring and faraway in this moment. I pass by a convenience shop opened all the twenty-four hours of the day

and I buy a tuna sandwich with sweet corn. I am not satisfied and I return ten minutes later to buy a small roasted chicken. Already satisfied but still shaken, each time more somnambulist, I decide to return to Rob's house. Why? I tell to my self that it'd be good to pass by there to see how he's keeping with himself but my conscience doesn't cheat me, he reminds me an old friend of mine. Rob studies Plant Science, a new course. One of his dreams is to extract the chemical substance from plants such as cannabis, the mushroom and, then, introduced it in fruits and other food.

The house is integrated in a thirty year old neighbourhood, orange brown bricks. I enter through the rusty gate and knock at the door, Rob is alone and watches on the tv The Life of Brian which I have never watched, the endings always looking for the bright side of life. Given being around midnight, he tells me he has no smoke, just one joint to smoke. We smoke that joint. Some lads knock at the door. They talk of cooking a mushroom and egg pie. I am almost sleeping. I think it will be good to take them, as I don't want to fall asleep.

They go to the kitchen whilst I continue on the tv room. Later, I am awake by one of them presenting to my self the egg and mushrooms pie. I don't even thank, I swallow them in a row. What he says next or his reaction is not understandable, you ate the mushrooms, you ate the mushrooms, you ate them with this fork, you'll go having mushrooms in the throat. I don't get if he doesn't know that I knew that to be mushrooms or if he's talking simply about the fork. He seems to be tripping, I feel this nonsense as boring. I close, meanwhile, the eyes and it seems the please goes, the mind rests clearer. Yeah, I really like your nose.

I decide to go towards them, as I hear fun

laughter. Over this hour, the room seems exquisite, it has a weird light, a carved window on the wall, one meter and an half by sixty centimeters, it opens to the darkness, to the back of the house, agriculture or flower garden, a fireplace not working already. The window border is painted pink, it seems a niche.

I am seated on one of the sofas, I don't speak, just smile, I look at them and I laugh, barely listening, barely understanding what they say, I don't care, I am just there, looking at them, watching them laugh, performing pirouettes laid down on the floor with the feet above the air, hallucinating, playing with small things I don't see. I am hungry, I feel like wanting mushrooms. He says they are at the fridge, he tells me to go get them. Yes. Meanwhile, they are frozen. I look inside the fridge and I discover a bowl of baked pasta and pieces of bacon. Heureka, I decide to cook a soup. I spill the bowl on the window pan, I add milk and put the mushrooms in. I let it boil until the milk forms a soup with a mushroom flavour. As I am not going to eat all that alone, I go to the living room and ask if anyone wants some of that soup. Rob accepts. I become fulfilled with the food.

The mushroom effect is something strange. It generates itself in a gradual manner, without being noticed, the moment arrives when you have the self perception of being under the effect. It's as if the body lost its entity or as if the soul, or entity inside us, became apart of the body, as if it lost its strength, became dead, as if the head was no more than a round form, resting nothing, just the void, as if the soul had no weight. Mushrooms, the closest thing to the reality I've ever dreamed of. I close my eyes, I don't feel sleepy any more, it's pleasurable to

close the eyes, keep them like that, laugh of little things as if I dreamed, on the lips a flavoured cold, a flavour to mushrooms on the throat, a small scratch as if a tiny lump bothered the passage of air. Meanwhile of feeling the soul separated from the body, my thoughts are clear, it's as if one tree was present, it is there in front of me and I look at it, I stretch my hand ant it's as if I touch it.

One of the lads gets up from the floor and decides to go call the lad that went to lay down at one of the rooms on the first floor. "It's time to go home", they say. I don't say anything. Nothing I saw. Rob tells me to go also. I ask him if I shall take the bike, I don't know where we're going. He tells to leave the bike, that we go the their house eat more mushrooms. We are five, we go through the street, two o'clock in the morning, it occurs to my self the idea of danger, I have the sensation of being in danger, my self is in danger for sure I think, it's as if I am wary of them, of all the world, all my unconscious coming there to the surface.

I ask with a childish voice: Are there any girls? They all laugh, they answer positively: Yes, we're gonna get a girl for John!

I ask, a second time to Rob, if he's going to get hash tomorrow, if he would I could contribute with, let me see, forty quid. Rob tells me, annoyed, that maybe it's better to we join the others ten meters upfront. Covering up the message, I scream to them saying they're going to fast. In the deep, what is going on is: he not being a professional dealer, it's him who gets hash for me, after a nice middle aged lady, indicated by a friend, had told me she had not or would have in the future hash to sell to my self, as I was going there often, sometimes everyday to

get twenty quid and each time with worst looks and eye suffering, as I was addicted.

The lad, who had offered to my self the egg pie, seems to want to talk with me, but I answer nothing, I make a conversation detour with a rude way, it's almost I hated they tried to talk with me. I assume before my self. I walk with them, in their house's direction, because it seems to me I don't want to go home nor anywhere and because in this next house I have mushrooms waiting for me. On the streets, we see all that crowd of teenagers coming out to the taxi boots, the girls wear plastic or leather, short mini skirts, stockings, tall boots, white, oxygenated blond hair, thirty years in the future they will be the aunts of high society having holidays, cheap for us foreigners, at four stars hotels at Algarve, a crowd without consolidated ideas beyond he healthy hedonism, without any ideas, swearing, eating chips, sandwiches, hamburgers on an old city, dirty, dark, pretty but without joy a this night hour.

The house is inside a condominium, we enter and we follow through a straight hallway to get to the door. It's a building similar to the one where I lived six, seven months, until the time I lighted a fire with two red candles, stolen to the colleague John, on a saturday when on the tv it was being screened Sinatra who was gone in that week, security doors fire proof, red, automatically closing, red cells with a number carved on the door. Well, I've certainly did it my way.

We sit at the living room, the boys bring from the fridge a tupperware with frozen mushrooms, a speciality, how many inside?, pretty much. They say they don't want, they are for my self and Rob. They make a joint, they are talking, we listen to the Radio Friendly, we listen to whale singing,

wonders that show up and disappear, flashes, sound spasms that scare and make us to keep us aware of the silence, I would say that due to this hour the music is on a low but clear volume.

One of the lads turns to me, saying that up to one hour I am eating mushrooms without a stop, he asks me, half curious half scared, how many have I already eaten. I don't reply, I don't care, I wave with my shoulders I don't know, I laugh, I swallow one more handful of them, at this time or even before, I realize that in fact it doesn't interest me to know how many have I eaten or will eat, I don't care, it's a fact, I don't want to know, it's not hunger already, it's not already the will of knowing and analysing the effects, it's just the will to eat, yes, it's a fact, I eat them in big loads until they simply end. Today, going deep over this fact, the pen writes words as destruction, suicide, overdose, oblivion, women, but all is resumed to hedonism, the hell I know why I eat them this way, but perhaps as Mong Tse says: "A man must destroy himself before the others can destroy him."

I lay back on the sofa and listen to the music. Rob is in front of my self and eats calmly, he doesn't speak much. Meanwhile, he had told me once with clarity that all he does is to get his ounce, smoke it and get stoned during a week. He doesn't have special tastes like going to discos, he doesn't have special tastes in anything, as he doesn't have much money he looks for a job part-time while studying his Plant Science. He's just a simple person, without great objectives or ambitions at this moment, simply he lives the day. I envy him. I would like to be like him - simple. There are times I hate Einstein.

They continue to talk, at odds I listen. At a certain time, I distinguish the words Naked Lunch.

I awake and say William S. Burroughs.

Do you know?, they ask.

Yes, a great film, a great book.

I don't know if they we're talking about the book but I spill out violently and such out of purpose, as if it was necessary to prove my knowledge, the film's final scene where Burroughs decides to kill his wife for to be able to proceed his life as a writer.

They become without words, even astonished, as if they don't get what I am saying or how I am saying it. I rest without knowing if they've watched the film or if they'd only read the book where this scene is not in, if they become dazzled by my expression or if I was just talking to my self and remembered Burroughs and threw out this fact, a true hallucina-contradiction, which all creators commit, or as Marlene Dietrich once sang "Each man kills the thing he loves." Sometimes to create the work we throw away the company thinking we'll be sublime to the point of creating the masterpiece alone.

Rob asks if anyone is having visions, all answer no. Then, as I was the one who followed him the most, he asks my self if I am having visions, I wave no.

On one time I ate mushrooms along with Rob, he was seated on a couch, I looked and he seemed suspended, he seemed like one of those majestic popes whom have so much obsessed Francis Bacon. Suspended. Kind of white lines formed a kind of fog or jaded cloudy aura, a cloud where perhaps he was disappearing, suspending him from above the ragged floor's geometrical patterns. Rob looked at me with his ganja stoned face and smiling without understanding he was asking what was going on, are you ok, man? What to say about this?, Bacon said the drugs didn't favour him or they didn't

influence him in his work, but he also said he had never make a preparatory drawing and later this statement came to be put under check due to the discovery of some "papers". Some three or four months before this night, I myself have make a drawing which I thought on to become a painting and I have shown it to John, my flat mate of the time, who looked and asked if I knew Henry Moore, John told that he could be my gestalt. In this case, this hypothesis was not considered because, in fact, I knew a bit of Francis Bacon's work. Was I Bacon looking to an hallucination, my great canvas or was it just a projection of what the mind would like my body to be, a pope, a painter or Rob himself? I don't know, on that night the other Rob have seen a pig on Sean's face.

They keep talking, one speaks about women but in a way brutal, male chauvinistic, the bitches the bitches, without respect, I don't become to understand a sentence, I awake at random moments and I listen the bitches... the bitches... and so on and so on...

There is now time to return. Two of them are left after the in-house lad went to bed. They decide to get a cab to Bishopstown. Myself, meanwhile, I have to go to the bathroom. The door locks itself, I look to the toilet and all the geometry seems altered, I start peeing and the floor is full of little dots of several colours, I notice they start to move, walking as if they were little worms. I laugh, it's really true, it's happening, I cease to look, I continue to laugh, piss faster John. The light, at this moment, is switched off and I feel some fear but I understand that it's time to leave, they have switched off the light to go out of the house, I have to get out of this fear for not getting closed inside a strange house having hallucinations. Then, I open the door and

see that Rob is the last one on the way out, they say they thought I had already gone out and thus they had switched off the light. Rob looks at me and scares himself, at least thus it seems, he was not expecting someone to come out of a dark corner. Hey wait for me or some other growl and I close the house door behind me.

We walk through the hallway and Rob returns to look back as if frightened with me, with my self, what will he be seeing on my self at this moment?, which hallucination?, I may not seem the sanest person of this group. Recapitulating, I don't take a bath over a week, I don't feed my self decently, I am homeless or I live the most part of my time at the others' house, my beard grew up, the dirty mackintosh, this one I wear it since I bought it last xmas, I carry always the same case. The image of a killer being or of a bum since a long time had ceased to be an image, a lie, at least it is what comes to my head whilst withdrawing Rob's stare.

Once, when I was walking through the canal towards home, after work on a dark winter afternoon, a man approached me and told me, better, he screamed repeating, stating we was from IRA, I didn't pay much importance and continued to walk, when I arrived home I commented with Evan and he observed fairly that never would anyone say that belongs to a secret society and terrorist as they say, it would be to let the disguise fall and fill in the form for jail. Perhaps he was nothing more than an exhibitionist with a few extra pints or someone asking for a dime. Another time, I dreamed I was walking at night a narrow street with shops at the city centre. A man with a knife comes closer and wants to rob me. Inside my dream I say: kill me kil me what are you waiting for?, kill me. He, perhaps impressed with those words, looses the

pressure and, then, I take back the knife, I watch the fear over his eyes, it would be so easy to disfigure his face, I leave him, I continue to walk and throw the knife to the Blackwater river. Another time, I make a self portrait anatomically incorrect and I asked Dan if he recognized the character, he said no but he could arrest him. On that night I learned two important things: he could be lying but if I had the skill to draw correctly the reality, never would he have told me what he did and what is, after all, able of being my reality; if I had shown to someone who manages to understand something about art, he would say probably that the drawing technique makes him recall this or that painter.

We arrive at the street and we break apart from the lads. Rob and my self, we go to his house. The darkness, the streets tonight they seem strange, the people, everything, something is not right, I can feel it, will this reality be an hallucination only because I took mushrooms, are mushrooms just placebos? The weirdest situations are those where I don't get to distinguish reality from hallucination, and remain in doubt. For example, whilst watching a weight measuring scale inside a café with a balcony and snacks, to take a picture, reveal the image and to verify that this image was not printed nor it is present on the negative, to doubt if, in fact, the scale was in the café instead of in the pharmacy or if it was the camera that was under spell malfunctioning as a consequence or if it just was that I photographed the pharmacy. The radical of my fear in distinguishing a reality from a psychological fiction is not having yet lost completely the illusion of how great I could have been in the past, having preferred to forget everything and, thus having denied everything and already without

a past, to be in a position of losing my identity in the metaphor of the head sometimes phallic and, already without a body to ask, even wish for the lesser harm, the eventually violent touch of a new form, the implant on my body already formless of the metaphor of a new structure with social, I so wish, affinities. But I still refuse this charity because I don't like people to have pity of my self, my self even feeling as a bum I have shame and I don't want charity for pity or fear of what my aspect may provoke. The radical of my fear is to may explode and everything around be shattered on the replica. It's not the death wish, it's really the will of not dying, it is to accept to suffer for a corner which angle opens itself to the surroundings of a real world I wish without illusion.

We walk silently. At a certain time, he takes a different route. I ask why and he says he wants to go this way. I say it's furthest this way. He repeats he wants to go this way I follow him. It starts to rain. We walk up the stairs aside the St. Finnbar's cathedral. Rob stops under some trees. I ask him why we stop. He says because of the rain. But it's not raining any more, I say. We continue to walk. I don't want to stop. Since we took this longest route, I am suspicious. Rob is not Rob any more. The coat Rob wears, a coat looking like an army's coat, is not any more the coat Rob wears, it is the rot and bum coat of an apprentice. He has his hands on his pockets. He wears hobnail boots. He looks too strong. I mistrust that he is leading my self to some place dangerous where we'll stop because of the rain and murders my self inside a tunnel and invokes later to be a police man on the fulfilment of his duties. Because of this I don't stop and I walk in the middle of the street some meters upfront,

while he's going in peace by the pavement. There are times I hate Jean Genet. I look to the streets, look everywhere, I laugh with fear, Rob says: don't you worry, I only wanted to come this furthest road and you will see in a minute where this leads. I look to the sky and imagine that this dark blue with few stars is moving, I tell him laughing that this sky seems a big cinema screen. I am not so bad, but I had to go way home after the Corcadorca show refusing the invitation for a tea. There are times I hate Sara Kane. Take it easy, you're gonna make it man, take it easy. It's true, I've made it, we arrive home. They'll be perhaps five in the morning. Whilst entering the tv room, we see Joe the american, who lives with them freely as he has no money, sleeping on the floor. I tell to Rob I'm going to the other room which has three sofas. I want to sleep, that is, I want to forget and awake in the morning on a new day and better, but I don't have many hopes on falling asleep. My first wish will not be to fall asleep but, yes, staying alone, because during the route I have felt fear of all humanity impersonated in Rob's body. I become alone and I feel my self safe when I think the worst fear is the one we feel for ourselves, the fear of mistrusting our mind, the fear of the floor disappear and we fall, fall on a well without end very deep, for all ever disconnected from the consensual reality where we are obliged, by convention, to live because not every human is or wants to be an animal, or as Caroline said once to me when I wasn't being able to find a certain sequence on a video tape: "take it easy, you're gonna make it."

I try then to sleep. I look to the dark of this window giving to the outer world, without curtains or blinds, window carried on, in this moment, with

a strip in red dark and thick, diffusing itself on the vertical black of the rest of the window at the surface of my nightmare. I ask where will the hell be if it exists, if inside this room or outside this window giving to the world, the window, without a shadow of doubt, is the door. I always asked my self if when I dream I dream in black or white or in colour but, once, the dream came in black and white and I awoke scared after seeing the colour, the photographic reality of a small painting I had made years before. In this moment, to watch the door of hell and in colour is to admit the galloping state of insanity, jumping from one sofa to the floor to the other sofa, taking the hand to the head and to the nose, laying the arms over the knees or in the arms of the sofa, managing to swear against myself, trying to open the eyes for awaken not to dream closed eyes' visions, trying to secure the head as if it was separated or wanting to run away from my body and a man without a head is like a playboy without a cock head.

The hours pass slowly, I have managed to sleep perhaps some moments and they is now eleven o'clock on a sunday morning. I am in a state of shock. Paralysed, I look to the space, sofas, a fireplace not working, the white wallpaper, the window with the pink frame which makes transparent what's outside, I have never seen this piece of the back of the house, trash bins, some flowers, a concrete wall covered with moss, a white clarity, some hours before there was the negro, a sun covered by white clouds menacing to rain, every day is white, we never know if it will rain or not, the light is always clear, a great definition of space, a space composed by domestic bins of dark blue plastic, thrash at the mossy wall, the

sky after the hell around five, six hours past, I was never in this house before and during the day. I keep securing my head and I observe little nothings in front of my eyes, little nothings as if my eyes cried and the reality appeared refracted by the bubbles of tears, I look, I close the eyes, I dream with the eyes open little nothings that don't give a coherent story.

I go to the bathroom on the first floor. I sit and stay during an eternity of fifteen minutes, waiting for something to happen, looking to this new window the size of my framed head. The glass, meanwhile is white and gloss. The wall continues to be white. It has not been waxed by paper. Clarity reflects itself on the wall which is a non uniform mass, as if I fixate a small point of this white space or slightly tinted by the shadow presence of another white whole, it readily transforms itself on an infinite quantity of very little points of several colours coming out at the measure of perception I acquire at every instant, always different, as if a pointillist was creating a painting only for me or if it was my self who was creating a pointillist painting along this white moments with an invisible hand called I.

Valerie and her friends wake up in the next room and start to talk, to laugh. I analyse my self in front of them, I say it's good to listen all these voices who seem coming from children, mixing together over the sound of little laughs along the space where they sleep. I am in a bathroom, closed, seated with my hands trying to hide the silent angelical clarity, closing the eyes, opening the eyes, securing the head who pretends to fall to one side due to the weight of dreams and the seemingly rotten neck. The girls went out last night, they wake up now, they are eighteen, nineteen years old, they speak in a way I have not

been listening for a long time, the one of awakening with company, I dream a comic book composed of jolly memories carrying innocence, joy, aspirations fulfilled, every bit I don't have any more. How far seems the day when and during a party a girl entered in my room and looked to the painting I had painted and screamed almost hysterical: have you painted this?, how far it seems the day when I painted one canvas in one two days at the request of a friend and I showed it to her, she screamed almost hysterical: is it for me? Hysteria reveals truths, sometimes difficult but always valid ones, today this hysteria has disappeared from my path, I am no longer able of provoking any emotion on people, gradually I am becoming invalid, I am dying day after night, night after day, along a time when I try to learn and know even more painters and schools of art because I think that if I want to be accepted I'll have to understand the history and master the technique, forgetting my memory, my unconscious, becoming even more rational, rational to the infinity of disability, of death, of the minimal hell I saw on that window on the living room, and I now see on these pointillist angelical walls, on this angelical window. Yes, this window is the size of my head, it would give a good picture if someone, being on the outside of this house, was to photograph it.

I go to the big living room where Joe is not sleeping anymore. After, I go to the kitchen where, in the middle of the confusion of dirty dishes, glasses, butter toasts, butter, knives and forks, towel, wash liquid, I wash a glass and drink a bit of water.

I return to the three sofas' living room and I seat on the sofa looking to the fireplace. Here all houses have fireplace, I remember the time

where there was no tv nor radio and we passed the time forgetting our selves over the colours coming out of the fire whilst old stories were being told: they are burning the memory which they keep from their birth or they are adoring the apparition which comes out from the fireplace... I don't know, the mother, or the woman who takes care of the son being born. At the same time when the memory forgets, she observes calmly with the hands in the pocket the image and enigmatic words recorded on the wall, she refuses to see the reality of what he never told her because he never knew how to, he sensed it or he had feared, she hides her self from the reality of him trying to transfer her from reality to the subjective representation of essence in an image. What we always love and we always lie, the images should not be recorded, they should be lived, if I was less moral and more intelligent... ah!, if I was more human... will it be that the violet hair represents an evolution?, I see her today as a married woman with children, buying the bread to go home preparing the breakfast to her husband, who has to go to work, and to their son who has to go to school... ah!, if I was more human... one night was saved by the apparition of a woman visually attractive, wearing black shoes, orange leather jeans, tight orange t-shirt, a black lace coat and the orange hair offering to my self some oranges to cut the trip out... I have a title and look for an external definition, she sees the image, she has a pillow over the head and perhaps she is sleeping, maybe a dream or an image with a dreamlike character as an under exposed photograph and blue at dawn, crab, the focus illuminating half of the face which the search of the external title defines to have a character of evil, later despair, a lair evolving with coherence in time

and space with a better line, someone feels curious in knowing who she is, if she is an acquaintance or a friend, he asks: is she someone I know?, before I looked naive like, says the external reality, I will be more mystical now, evolution perhaps, discovery of the reality which is foreign as he hasn't dreamed it, he didn't created it, fireplace, fire, something happening which transforms this room where she sleeps on a place under spell, I speak about a title and the words I listen to are room, winter, it's happening on winter?, emotion, autumn, black virgin due to the violet hair but with children, derision, surrealism, on the supermarket buying bread, a café open at seven in the morning reading the newspaper on the sports page, eating corn bread with honey, asking for four pieces of bread in front of my self, natural voice and black body, thin and long, the body of a lyrical gipsy after the babies and the soother brands, she goes out, an apparition from the collective unconscious or a consensual reality happening by routine, how strange it seems the interpretation of the routine duration, I care with the duration of the routine, will it be valid?, will it be that happens every day, by an habit or conjugal love, if it simply happens naturally, it will never be proved the image of conjugal relationship, I must engage my self on analysing or trying to describe this possible reality, at the time we lived, they were not being recorded the images happening with naturalness, the imagination shall be a powerful weapon but not mortal as in the good times, aged old, not rational yet, humans decomposing becoming automata controlled by plls, desire of being a pll with memory and more humanity, the reason, the emotion and the memory, rebirth, perhaps being more rational whilst representing the emotion

arousing now curiosity after the question of authorship, offering, nose and belonging, friend, sister, nun, woman, mother, goddess, the representation of a reality, an evolution, the coherence after the naive ingenuity of the banal lair, trivially seen with a critic's eye curious who feels the wish in describing one represented reality, the detail of the spider web and the electric lam light turned on or off I don't know, I don't know if it's day or night but there are no shadows and then there are not represented angels with shadow, perhaps then they have sold out the soul to the devil but they seem still good angels, even if the angel of light had fell in the sin of pride, ecological light, botanic, the fire creating the illumination, the electricity that doesn't illuminates the environment, good angels inside a consensual reality where I also belong and in where I am in some ways integrated, when I live I am perhaps out, when I record I am lucid, I don't get an alternative and not coded definition, a definition in a word of the represented image, an audience opinion, I miss I long for, I live whilst sucking the bone of solitude, the world is going to end in a moment and I ask if the bar has sofas of coloured velvet, if the dog still sleeps on the sofa at the sound of pixies and fairies, sessions of sex, passion, sexual relations, lucidity, I overcame you and I talk with you about it, it signifies that I had not yet overcome you totally as if not I would not wish to talk about it or about a reality occurring simultaneously so far away from you, at a one day's trip away, my new reality, the one I sense today as if today I was born passing from hell to heaven, Lucifer was a fallen angel felt in disgrace for adoring his pride, will he had a shadow?, the good needs the evil, they are pairs in a same reality, apparition

referenced once or twice, and it's not necessarily related with this fire or there is no need of the fire to define the apparition which is real and without custom robes, who's the girl who sleeps?, I don't want to tell, what do the letters mean, you don't want to tell, the letters out of context of a sentence are an abstraction by whom we feel curiosity due also to not know or understand why they were written, which was the emotion used to conceive them, and what was the intention, what meaning to give to it?, it happened with pink lipstick, dark hair and a meter and sixty five cm, a goddess with whom I made love and still today do by descending her from the pantheon to the masturbation with rose offerings and sentences told to the darkness of the hotel in french and german, a goddess who lives on the consensual reality and whom I withdraw from the world of the spiral of humanity, image I remind from a shared charm feeling we lived in a spell, the pop style, romantic and french opposing or being the base in which is supported or sleeps the purple gipsy and german style, foreign to the consensual reality where I was born by random, a sheer accident, he adores the image of someone of the feminine sex taking care of a son or a little boy who thinks he belongs to the family of that feminine being who reveals, in the least, sentences out of inside the unconscious, he wants to feel protected, who is he?, is he someone I know?, with mushrooms we live a reality, with hash we think and we live a reality, I don't want to rape you after being raped by the idols, I don't like cocks, I prefer partners in arms, equals with whom I can communicate, exchange, sell and buy ideas, I let her go see a film with the friend, sister in blood, I went to buy ware to describe the reality I love and, due to that, I adore and today I

remind, I imagine and I recreate, after all the creator has a plan, emotion and lucidity, to burn the reality in photography is to dream the rebirth, the renaissance, perhaps of this I adore fires not on because the fire is damaged, today the fireplace is off, only at the the memory of the village fireplace is on, I think on when I was born and I adore the image of my birth as if I burn it, she hides the face for not seeing or for not being seen by my perception of the reality and its representation during the moment, the best we forget, I know it's happening at the beginning of the night, the best we don't re-live, the act of living is a good reality, sometimes we discover it at the expense of others and, due to that, we need the others, this image must be repeated, I shall write with hash about mushroom lives, ah, if I was more human I would live the reality, I would like a good reality and I would not have fear of may live a bad reality, only the fools have lost the fear of dying and not the christian believers who have fear of going to the christian hell. I can imprint fear even if that fear may be a creator whilst reflecting later about the experience, this fear is a moral act related with religion, belief or apprehended culture at school or at work or in the passion where the entity is a process, something culturally foreign to us, I shall live the reality without having fear of living it, or better, of suffering with the reality of living, in hell is hard to think, the christian hell is less pretty, the christian hell is uglier than the inside of the caves seen during boat trips, I have made the confirmation at the cathedral knowing already I didn't believe in confirmation and other dogmas like the consensual reality of virgin mary, I photographed the celtic cross and the gothic cathedral of St. Finnbars, I watch a

representation of the temple of Hades, I saw an out-of-focus image of myself with a blue wool jumper and humble and the grey ghost of the mother, a street almost white, almost snow with few contrast, a crow on the parapet of the Blackwater river, a green eye without emotion and abstract, a red image with hash and attitude kept in the pocket and the table full of supports and images of wine and Mark and Spencer's food, an old man bald and a skeleton seated on the sofa in front of the mirror the size of a wall, the women carrying water recipients, men struggling and dancing Capoeira-style, Sisyphus represented unconsciously over one or two hours work smoking, a naive elephant, a tree and a star with five ends, a grey monster and a monster in colour, mount Rushmore, the christ on a junkie circle of colours and spheres

in spiral, one cat over your pink hair of your face I wish for the future with dithyrambic sentences in german, the father of all spirits, the black cloth written with white chalk and put in the ceiling, the clouds creating human forms on the imagination of a child, the mushrooms or other fungi which grow on trees, two women making love, babysitter and seated sister, forgive me because I am bad and I think seated with my hands over the head an artistic street taken from the wall, I am so romantic, I am very fond of you, I don't want to suck your cock and in the meantime I suck it satisfying your fantasy with spit smiling for you, walking satisfied on the street towards the bus stop on the way to work, in the morning seeing her with a red skin scarf and red orange hair, the fireplace is off but it is as if it were not and I looked at it, to the fire, to the colours succeeding fluidly, moving, I don't put my hand on the fire just because I don't want, I want to draw

in colour and brush in the moment when the reality is already, reasonably, known, if there is already a mental sketch, to create in the act of living and to live in the act of creating, everything, if I am to be less moral and more human, the automata, plls are moral, if I pass from the word to re-volu-action... it's better to develop because before I had here written reaction without noticing that the line, which draws apart the madness, the mysticism and the fascist reaction, is very thin, I react always to a stimulus sometimes pleasant, to a word, sometimes to an insult by writing words, I develop ideas with a base in psychological and social contexts and I decide to act directly by the means of the word, I create new contexts from realities experienced on the margins, at least I don't practice physical hooliganism nor I follow shepherds. If the word is reactive and moral? It seems so it is but I prefer to see it as reflective, chaotic in its cutup and paste the key of revolution. If I imagine living and live imagining, describing, analysing by the means of the will, verifying the existence of a god in whom I can believe if I want to or doubt discovering your truth by intuition, for I can only imagine by intuition your reality, you hide your face when I try the representation, the adoration in front of the adoration of you, bigger than you but only in body and not in spirit, you are a mystery to my ignorance and I fall under mysticism, I must live the reality while I record it on the imagination and in the memory I put in a folder in the house, I must learn the reality and not transmit it as something absolute, crab, beetle, scorpion, spider, I saw a big black spider going down a concrete wall painted light blue during one of the nights when I was not sleeping but hearing voices coming out of a room sculptured

in front, an erotic act from an husband twenty years older trying to make love with the puritan spouse who wins the battle in which she only defends herself by not attacking and taking the adversary to the final giving up by sleep, I have read he drew her first, painted her later and did make love with that canvas and she finally discovered and ceased to be moralistic and opened her self to knowledge, the mother gave birth, the son was reborn with the body of her husband, the time is reverted, it entered from the uterus inside instead of selecting the images from the suppositories and the inflamed groins looking the green underpants and the young skin in front of that woman, superior, with knowledge, with more imprinted information, to fall asleep, to remember, to intuit, to analyse, to dream the future space running backwards over the shelves of the memory theater, return in memory to the age where someone, my self or the idol whom we want to refine, was and analyse the past to divine the space where I will be living the present nowadays, to live this light, this angelical white clarity in the turned off fireplace, to live that infernal darkness form the turned on electric lamp, to enter in the grey purgatory learning the means by which it must be released: the will, if I imagine and have will I will be able to provoke emotions, if the emotion comes I will be able to study the pattern, chaotic or ordered, and intuit its origin, its eclipse, the birth of an egg on a tree nest, I drew an egg on a nestless and leaveless branch, only its log, I saw us as being two branches of the same tree log buried aside a lake with white swans observed from the top of the hill, I photographed that tree with her blessing the image she doesn't know about, smiling whilst touching that tree I find pretty, smiling so

innocent in front of the grown up tree while you are so knowledgeable and experience and my self so theorist and apprentice... ah! If I were to be more human I would live the reality or I would smile with my reality as I smile with the others', with Rose who sings K.D.Lang in the kitchen and I think she has a french boyfriend blind and sax player; with the english Megan, who after years travelling Hong Kong and running out of work to paint, had taken refuge in the land of fools and murdered by famine the lack of potatoes; with Paul who does graphic design and photography; with Rory who write scripts for films I perhaps will never watch with Brian and David who play bass and sax at Philip K. Dick's and let me dj in their hour at the pirate radio station K2; at last, with many other people as my hero Gaeroids who never sleeps drunk on the disco or with Anne's efficiency, the red hair Cove's girls and Annmount, or the fat Ray's ugly and poisoned rugby tie or Eugene's rotten sock...

I hear steps going down the wooden stairs. Valerie heads towards the big room, returns and asks from the entrance, smiling whilst awakening and dressed with curiosity: - Are you ok?

I look at her, taking the hand out of my head for that the mouth can say "yes, more or less", following with a melodic thread as if my arm was rehearsing the conductor paper on an orchestra but I don't know to say what kind of music it conducts.

I return to the big room and get to lay down stretched on the sofa. I try to relax the body. I have the sensation of wanting to vomit. I have the mackintosh to serve as a blanket. I have the eyes closed trying to keep cosy at the surface. I have my guts with some trap little fireflies. I have one internal reaction conditioning my self to

tremble in a while, in continuous and sudden spasms. I groan with pain but in a absence of pain, as nothing hurts my self really. I shake. I groan with pain but nothing hurts my self physically. I sneeze but my nose is not inflamed by any weather force. I want to vomit, I want and I don't want to close the eyes to dream.

Everybody awakes in the meantime. I look to the clock, it's noon. I seat my self on the sofa. In front of me, the fireplace with some cans of beer, an ashtray, a dish. On the right side, the television set. Above along the wall, a window opens to the street being the clarity reflected by the curtains, the grey clarity of purgatory. Nothing I see of the outside. I see only the light. I dream the light. On my left side, two sofas have their backs against the wall and, on the floor, an ashtray with cigarette ends blocks the door.

Nothing new. I watch continuous flashbacks. I want to go out. Nothing new so.

Sean appears and says he goes to buy the breakfast. I go with him because I say I am not ok and that I need to get air. It's cold, the sky is cloudy. I am ok. I don't feel ok I am not in the mood as in that sunday when I headed off home for a tree hours bus travel, more two hours walking until the Killarney's lakes until drawing the Torc waterfall being interrupted five minutes later by the rain and being a joke for a tourist who asks if the views are all right, still having the time to take a picture to three middle aged american sisters. I say to Sean I don't feel ok. He asks how many mushrooms had I eaten. I say I don't know. He answers it's always like this. We never know how many mushrooms we eat. He says worried that he also had once the desire to vomit, the mushroom taste glues itself to the throat and

there is no solution but to face it, lay down and try to relax, mushrooms are cool, they are a nice experience but we shall not play with them.

While he buys the bread, milk, a cocacola can and the newspaper, I look and I feel uncomfortable, I buy a pepsi can after straying the body on the space and the eyes asking themselves what they there will grab to justify that need to breed air. The waitress, scared she looks at me. I understand her, I even look at my self and I reflect a scaring fear.

We return to the house and Sean tells for I to go lay down at his room. I seat on the kitchen bench while he washes some dishes. Valerie appears. Joe, who has the hair a la jamaican dread, appears at the living room telling something.

I decide to leave. I leave here the bicycle which belongs to Rob. I prefer to walk all the way home. The idea that I try to make transparent, I think, is to leave the bike and come back later, as I don't have the will to pedal all the way home. At the entrance, I see on the floor what's left of the rear fenders I did break yesterday night. In my idea I confuse the whys but I think I don't pretend to come back here, as I get to feel that I only come here because of ganja to drug my self and because I admit I use these nice people to provoke the eclipse of my own self, I don't already feel any pleasure, even if I like their company. It's jealousy come true, it's a long delirium, a long poetic dream, a long flashback. I can't, I shall not ignore the people are nice but I face them as a means to reach an end. What end is that? An end which deregulates my time scale.

Sean, as if he guessed all this, asks scared when will I return here. I answer that maybe next weekend, but I say it with so much dropout, with the conscience of being lying that I say ciao and

I lean to the door at the end of the hallway.
I listen to Sean calling me. I am trying for two minutes now to pass through the two parked bicycles at the hallway, trying to make them not fall loudly. I return to the kitchen. Sean shows me the pepsi can, I laugh and take from the mackintosh pocket the cocacola can he had bought. Sean laughs and say to me "Good luck!" Without comments, please. I manage to get rid of the bicycles and leave off the open door. Joe is outside cleaning the window glasses. He says something like "are you going to see the jazz", he says jazz on his rasta style. Today, with no further comments please, I walk home on feet.

I think that in a normal day, the path would last half an hour. Today it will last longer in between rain threats, despair, threats of withdrawal disguised momentarily by the rest in the bus stop, I could simply wait for the bus but no, I prefer to suffer and walk all the way home, I must feel alive and find out the path, this landscape is in no thing similar to that wonder on the top of a mount with fog opening to another mounts and turf landscapes and sheep grazing and people talking about the water of life, whisky. The swedish Sven and his french girlfriend Sarah read books about the way of the Tao. In her birthday party, she, drunk, caresses my face, tells me I am pretty, while Sven looks at me, and not to her and to her perhaps expression of free love, intrigued by my reaction, perhaps the ethics: "thou shalt not eat thy friend's girlfriend", and so, while the friend Michelle tells me:"tu es un garçon", and she's right, the boys have guilt feelings they have not yet dissolved, because of that we are moral animals in potency, we have impulses and shall not repress the impulses, "you must free your mind, if you do so you discover the truth or the paranoia

of an hidden truth, it can go both ways". The thought is moral. What distinguish us from animal instinct is morals, even ascetic thought, a bad or distorted morals. I should go living at sligo where, some people say, people there are looper, slang for crazy. Actually, what to think of the mysterious male side of Dead Can Dance divine who lives or has bought there a church?

When I finally arrive home way out Douglas, in Rochestown, I take the hand to the pocket, I look to the key and notice it is bent. Why?! I try to put it straight to open my door and it finishes to break itself on my hands. Why?! To end what seems to be one more product of hallucination, I knock at the door and Tony opens, he asks if I am ok, I say yes, that I have only lost the home key. I go straight to the room on the first floor, I lay down on the mattress stretched on the floor, I put the blankets over, put the head on the improvised pillow and little by little I go on forgetting, I go on falling asleep, take it easy boy, you're gonna make it. I notice I can truly only sleep if I feel my self at safe. Here, I feel my self safe. After all, in spite of being afar of civilization and the real world, this is my space or at Sligo.

Yes, I slept well. I slept all afternoon. Nine o'clock in the sunday evening now. I get up and go the bathroom. I look to the mirror. I decide to shave. I ask what's my true identity, what will I be tomorrow?, what I select of what I was yesterday and the means I used it gives me sharp and final clues: a 'in process of being' as upgraded from a 'would be' some bad intelligent ass, but what I am today is mutant, even in this moment when I shave. I take a bath because I stink, yesterday I was not smelling well. I go to the kitchen.

"Tr-ee"... "N-est"... they signify nothing, they are abstract out of context, the crystals reflect the other crystals like the colour of this glass of water is influenced by the presence of a bottle of wine.

While I eat a toast with butter, I remind a conversation I had with someone with whom I had just briefly talked before. I smile and decide to sit in front of the turned on gas fireplace with the tv off and to start writing this moral tale, this irish soap opera with a certain zen flavour and toasts with butter.

It starts like this: In your heart you're not an engineer...

I reply: I've studied engineering, I work as an engineer, so I am an engineer!

I think: If I was less moral, more open, more curious to the others' opinions, I would have asked and discussed the why of his statement.

In my heart... in my heart.

Shlainte, to your health, you I would like you to read these sentences and of whom I have much longing, to your health I drink the water of life or the Port wine chalices at Tig Fili's whilst listening our stories and ancestral language, and Siobhan, I shall call her by this name, yes, she, on that day, almost cried in front of the english critic who was wanting to buy or show in England her human figure rolled in gauze and seated on a chair.

I am not an engineer but I am not an artist too, at all.

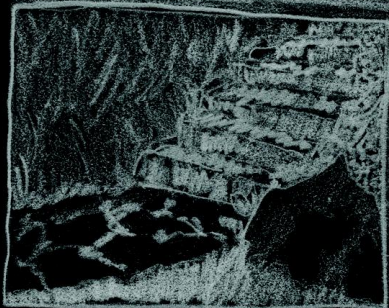
I should be an egg, to melt spontaneously inside an egg to be able to draw an egg. To take mushrooms is like being born, cry and open the eyes.

"Ta tir na n'og ar cul an ti..."

Hail Ireland!



THE EMPIRE IS NOW



ASPIRANDO A VIDA...

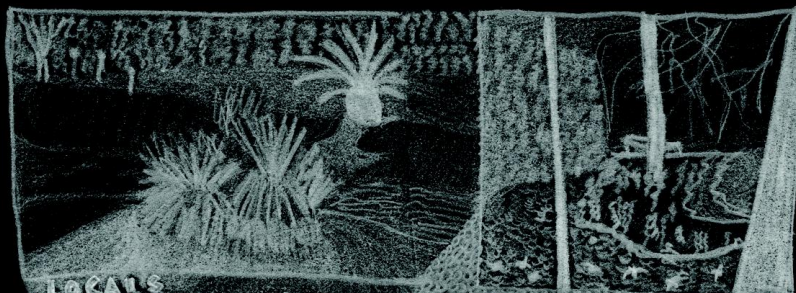


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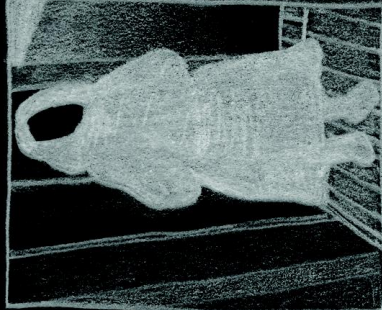
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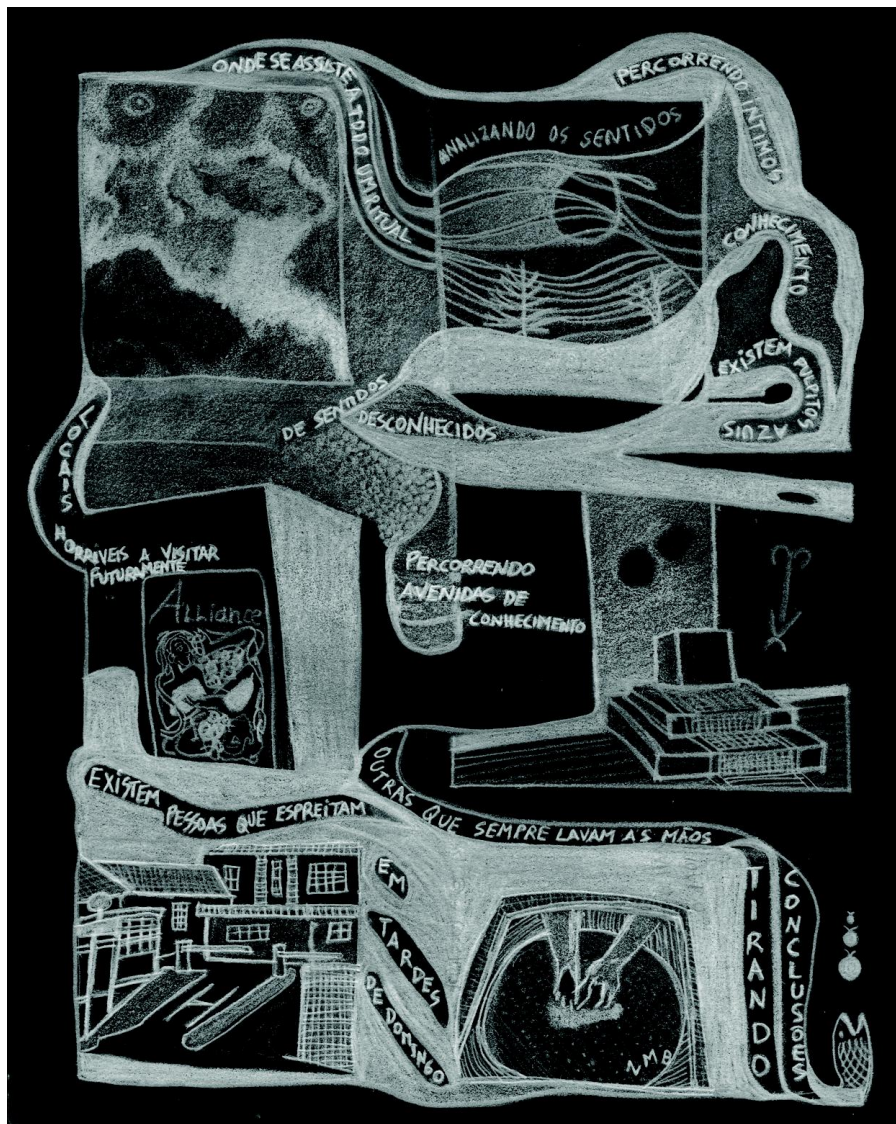


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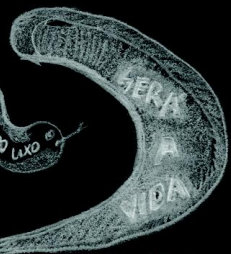
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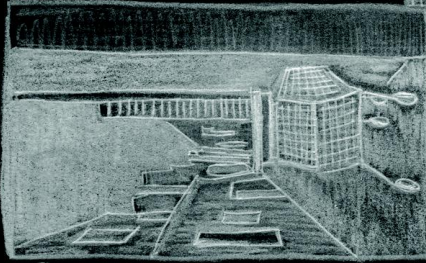
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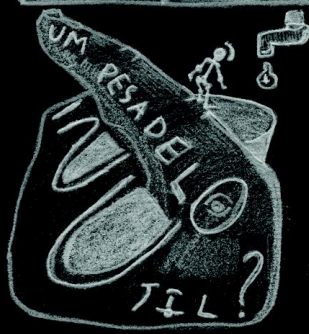
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WHAT
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FORNOS POR
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WOMAN'S
MIND

WHAT ON A
MAN'S MIND?



ETERNAMENTE



Zanda

SOMETIMES, I DON'T EVEN NEED TO LOOK MYSELF AT THE MIRROR TO FEEL LIKE A DEVIL
WHO LAUGHS, LAUGHS.

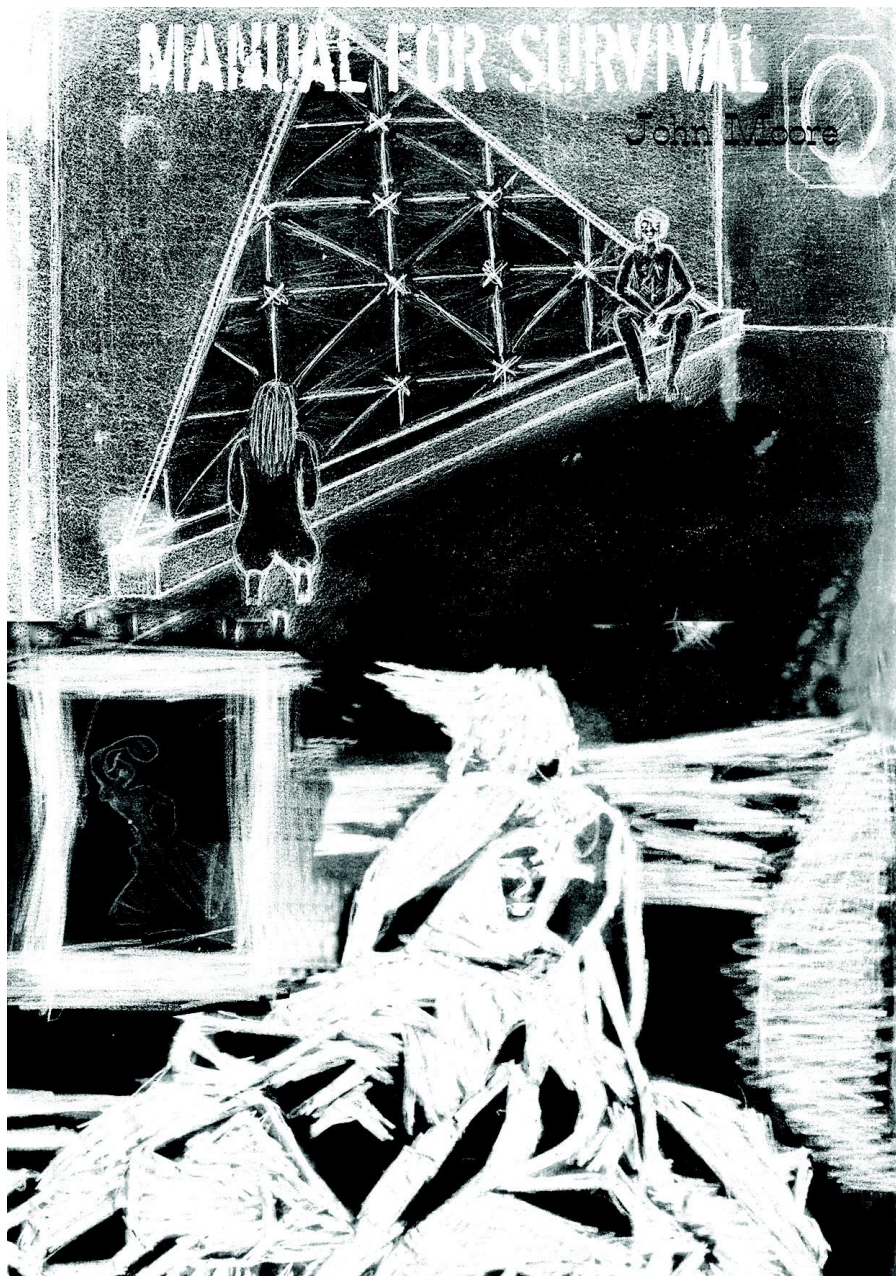
DISEASE OF MY LOVE
OF YOUR LOVE
BED OF OUR LOVE
OF OUR BREAST
OPEN ITS LEAVES SLOWLY
WITH GENTLENESS
AS IF THEY WERE LOST PETALS

YOU ARE MY CACTUS OF THE DESERT
AND I AM THE FLOWER WHO SPRINGS IN YOU.
ONLY ONCE IN A WHILE,
YEAR AFTER YEAR THE CACTUS HAS FLOWERS.
THE REST IS ALL DESERT.
IT'S NOTHING, ONLY SAND AND VERY TALL DUNES.
WE THINK WE ARE ALONE BUT AFTER ALL THERE'S THOUSANDS OF CACTUS WITH FLOWERS.

OH! HOW GOOD IS TO KISS YOUR LIPS, MY XMAS TREE
ROBBED
WITH THE BROKEN VASE AND STRIPS...
THE EARTH AROUND THE FLOOR.
DARKNESS OVER THE ROOM TO THE EXCEPTION OF A SMALL LIGHT THAT COMES
AND BRINGS YOUR SELF BY THE CLOSED WINDOW.

MANUAL FOR SURVIVAL

John Moore



1. Title

a)

In the scenes of a lair the sight of things, the why of distrust and the why of narcissism explain why do I desire to talk about women; the place of birth, the moral, the psychological need and the continuous boredom explain the why of the lord to follow be the cries for help and the world conflict.

b)

The lair is a place where the wolves sleep. The wolves are poacher animals who look in the night the prey who look in the night the prey. African. A big size picture inside a café at Rova, of proportions four meters by three meters high. Brown and black tones showing a river dark and black in the middle of a brown jungle where three black women are. Mirror alongside the wall. In the two saloons, fur tables of black line, abstract. On the first saloon, the african painting on the opposed to the mirror wall, floor of stone painted with certain Seurat's influences, squared size with a meter and an half, photographic reflexes in the centre of the town, a stranger in a strange land, a new one in a new land.

c)

Deadlock. It's not possible. I record with a cynical look, we should say objective, cold, penetrating at nys. No, I don't record a thing. My transmission buffers are full. They operate on the limit. For not to occur a deadlock, I need to solve problems of packet commutation. My finger, your finger is noting but cynical, it aims at self destruction.

d)

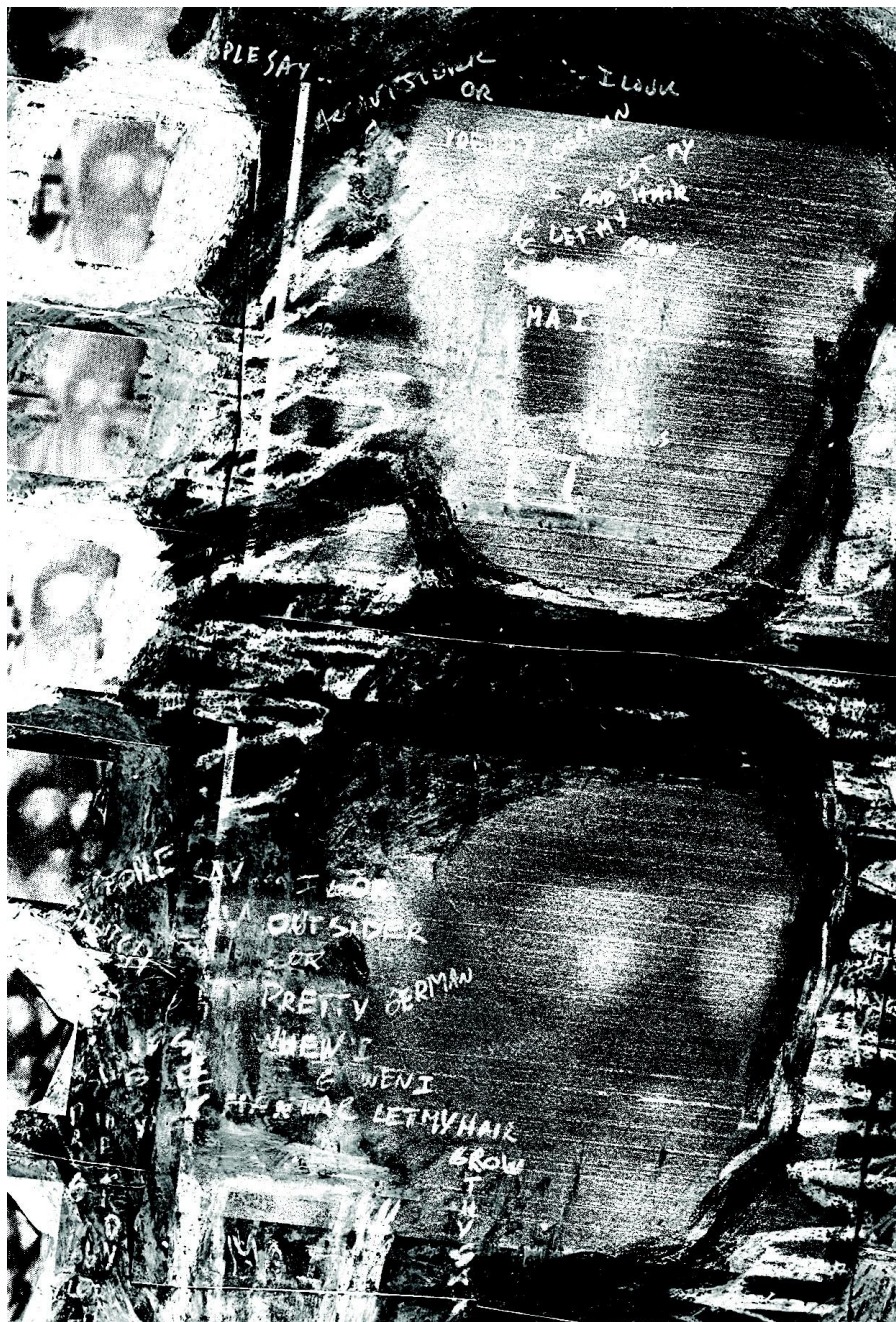
Father, father... I am gay. Don't worry my son, there's no problem. I am also but that doesn't impede my self of liking other women beyond your mother.

e)

There are people who say we are not the work we do, also we may not be the training or education we got. In the limit and in absurd, also we may not be the one who was borne and, then, we are 'nothing', not even dust after the ashes.

f)

You who say you don't like conversations about definitions and later you get bored when someone has a basic definition different of yours discussing at the deepest level the definition which, it's yourself who says it, you say you don't like... for you and specially only for you here it goes one more definition. I present my own definition of a loser: a loser is the one one who was and ceased to be. Do I say anything new? Come on!, don't be one more stork, don't taste the finger on a soup not yours.



PLESA

OR

LOOK

LET MY
HAIK
LET MY
GROW

HA

PEOPLE

OUTSIDER

OR

PRETTY GERMAN

WHEN I

WENT

LET MY HAIK

GROW



Uma diva é uma diva é uma diva

2. *The sight of things.*

a)

At my village everything happens. People play football after finishing to catch the corn in the field. People laugh on the Nostradamus' prophecies when they take the first morning coffee before getting to work. People get bothered when they are asked if at the village the wind was blowing on the road over the weekend. People throw fireworks after drinking and get scared before night falls.

b)

The system says that if Mohammed doesn't go to the mountain, the mountain goes to Mohammed. We keep the question. At Rome we shall be romans or the romans go to Rome?

c)

Installed on my new room, the alarm clock rings at the correct time but I only get up five minutes later. I agree I have rested little, I take a bath, I shave, a spliff puts my self momentarily in a bad mood, I leave with two bowls of milk. At the roundabouts there is a bridge over the little river. The sun shows itself and there's no clouds. I cross the road, the train track, I take coffee, smoke a cigarette and I take a cream cake to walk for twenty minutes. The milky way to the never never land... I hope to behave my self, today, in a regular way, to ignore the Joan of Arc's battles I watched last saturday at twenty past one in the morning.

d)

I am seated taking coffee before catching the train and there is half past six in the afternoon. The table where I am is round and of varnished

wood. The paper where I write has blue lines. The ashtray is a small cup of brown orange ceramic with a black contour. The glass of water is a chalice with a tall base and contains water until its middle. The coffee is from Burundi. The tobacco is Águia reformulated in its composition now more ordered and stricter, saying that smoke can kill. I roll a cigarette. During this process, I still had not time to say I have noticed that, in front of me, an attractive girl has black long straight hair, a beauty and oval face, a black with grey horizontal stripes jumper. It's beautiful sight of brown colour, she has the lips thin... She may be twenty seven years old. I notice as the thin skin wrinkles slightly when she gets surprised with something. I glance her only because a lady has seated at her table, with equally long to the shoulder hair, long and sparsely grey strands of hair. She has the arms over the shoulders. Her face is coloured with a red yellow tone on certain points, like the apple cheek and the nose. I adore the way she puts the hand over the face to disguise the smile or just due to a question of courtesy to talk with her mother.

e)

I hereby declare that I am in need of new people, with whom to talk of minimal things, with whom to explore the sense of a new communication.

f)

I hide my self behind the characters I went on creating along the years since I got the intuition I was one of the probable centres of the world. To each one of them I go on telling a story which is influenced by an experience. Each character is a step which follows influenced by the dream I had

for that experience. The characters cross themselves over the steps of other characters. Sometimes, one character is the follow-up of a character and the root of another. Sometimes, a character reacts as the contrary of another character. The characters often change identity between and inside themselves.

g)

I am locked to a destiny. Such destiny I went on moulding along twenty five years. Sometimes, I ask myself if I had been predestined but as I reject the idea of a God, I can not accept my reality as something as an attribute of an other. I incarnate in my self all the evil of the world I get to know. I declare the natural misunderstanding of all the others in front of me. In the assumed tentative of being declared as bad, I go on realizing small unnecessary acts who turn my self not bad but unhappy. As I am unhappy and admittedly bad, I think that in the last instance, in the limit, I may be a saint, becoming necessary the existence of a God. Will I have to assume the existence of a God to become is equal?

h)

In trains important things were told. Tired bones rested, they dreamed dreams awaken, they saw simple things and beautiful: reality flashes. Songs of love were spelled, incarnations were committed, memories were remembered, gestures were opened, laughs happened, faces were inflamed. In trains everything happens. Everything has beginning, middle and end.

i)

The thief or Les voleurs by André Techiné: I desired a kiss of yours, you tried that I asked

you for one and I was unable of. As you misunderstood my shyness, you gave my self a pure kiss. As you understood I desired one, you thought I was cheating. Thus I have offended you. I lost you.

j)

The first law or rule is there not be law or rules.

The second law is to live under legality.

The third law is to never fail the target, considering the roundabouts, the ray of action; the octopus has several tentacles.

The fourth law is the dancer has no fear in the dark.

The fifth law is to act without the element of time, to abolish the time.

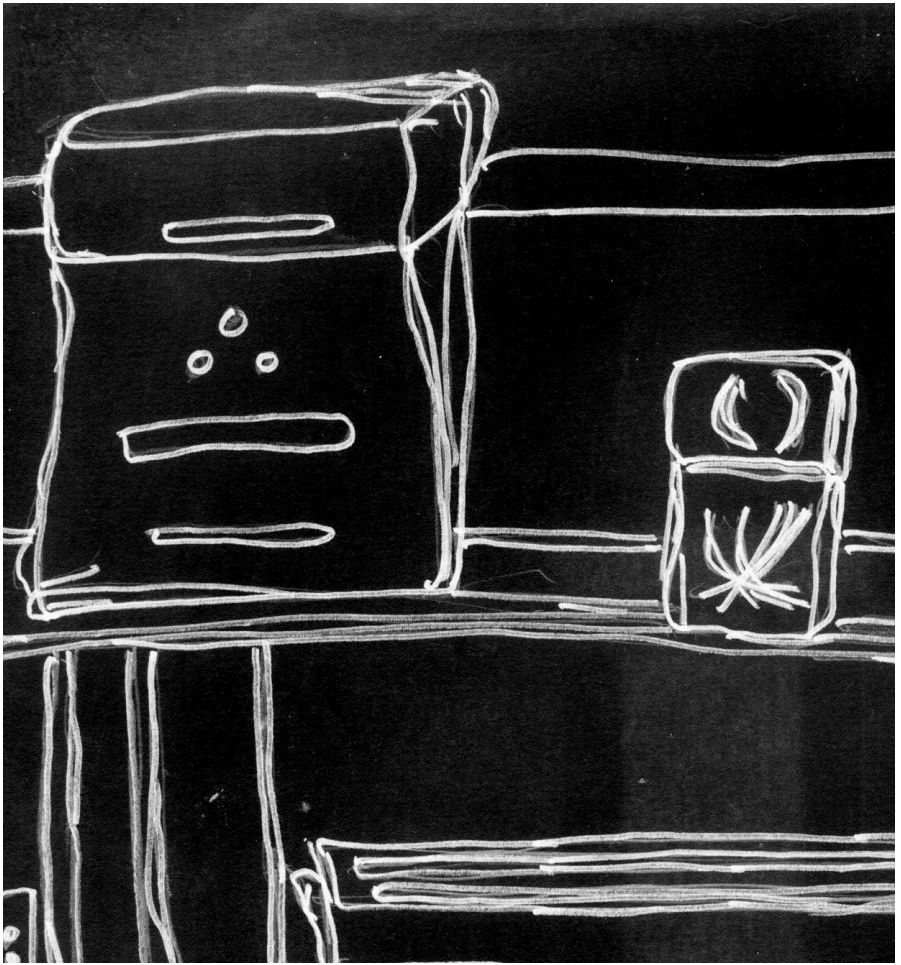
The sixth law is to not get to know anybody.

The seventh law is to not ask questions.

The eight law is to register some marks once in a while.

The ninth law is to have the ears open.

The tenth law is the rule is our sin.









3. The principle of distrust

a)

I'm a baker...

I'm the baker's wife...

Where's the baker?

He's gone for a ride.

May I come in?

Yes.

b)

The why of the sado-masochism in social relations. What does it make a guy end the dinner with the family and leave at nine thirty to take coffee? Nothing wrong but why do I get up from the café table and pay at ten o'clock and go lean my self at the wall whilst observing the thin rain and the night reflections on the moon concrete, or better, the street concrete?

What does it make a guy sit and talk about matters to which he doesn't pay the minimum attention, perhaps because he thinks on other things at that interval? Nothing wrong in having an inexhaustible source of symbols or thoughts but why does he talk about minimal matters with the persons he met?

What does it make a guy act looking for a gesture, a consumer goods and rest later astonished by the traumatic return of the communication to which he is in need to expose himself. Nothing wrong on the exposure but why does he keeps the breath when he looks for the breath and gives up feedback?

c)

The difference between a swap and a sale is difference in degree.

When you swap ideas with a friend, you try to sell your information as being valid and truthful.

Besides being such a bore it's difficult, people

walk on distrust about phone calls trying to conquer them making of them ignorants, easy prey to be fooled later.

It's better the second way, to walk by a street at the end of the afternoon and select the nest ring-bell and wait for her reaction.

When you forget what you desire, the higher the probability of something interesting to happen.

You offer a service and sometimes the image which rests it's her desire we perceive, imagined inside of us, that signature or that saying of her parents who only arrive tomorrow to be able to sign, it's the desire to return tomorrow and being fooled, the image, the will we've built doesn't always result, the link doesn't always result because not always the grimoire's formulas are the most correct, it's necessary to learn everything, analyse everything for that we don't miss to obtain the final prize, the end of summer lottery, the driver's license, the lecture about the Heisenberg's uncertainty principle.

d)

A frigid prostitute, or better sorry, a cold prostitute feels her self old when she can't manage to turn on the man who required her services to do that which he can't at home.

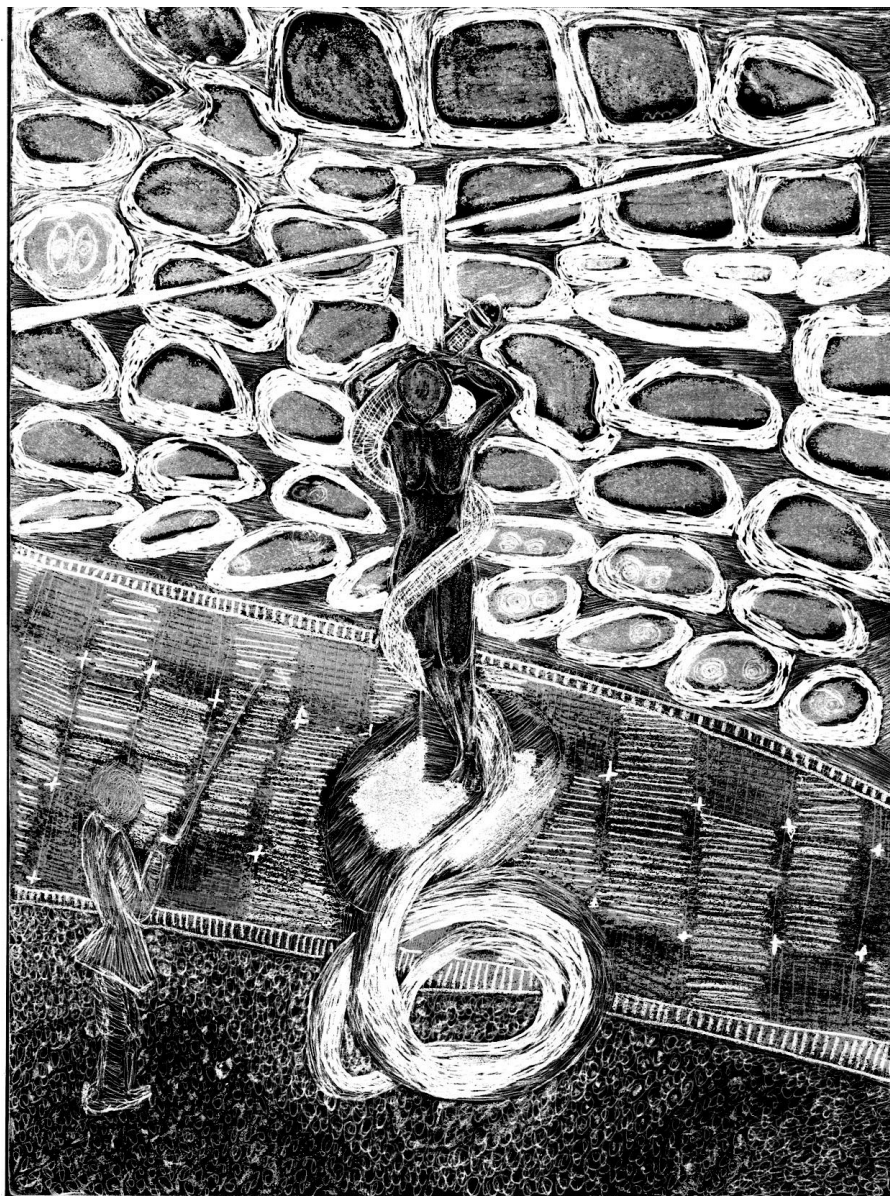
e)

Nietschze said that cristian there was only one and died on the cross, what is true as he wrote nothing and there are even very few evidences about his real existence; he said also that god had died, then it was necessary that he at any time had existed. Then, they say to the believers for not looking where he is not, look for him, that is, inside yourself.

f)

The subject before entering on its weekly conversation with him (her) analyst, writes that which he's not going to confess: How can you desire my self to have an experience or homosexual relationship, if later you don't understand or don't like to watch 'in your face' an homosexual experience, onanism? It will not be nice maybe...





4. *The narcissus explains why*

a)

The oldest memory of my self, which I possess, is a black and white photograph taken when I was not more than an year old, laughing apple-cheeked on the cradle.

I don't know now, being actually difficult to believe in the conscience of a baby but this duotone photographic image became part of my imaginary as I have recognize my self as being I watching the world, my self in front of the world, I and the rest. Given I have the conscience of thinking and of having not yet discovered telepathy, the he is always an other of whom nothing I know and whom is just a fundamental accessory to the character with whom I try to communicate in the dark. On the extreme, I say that it's possible to communicate with a rock or as a rock as I don't divine the sense behind what is said.

b)

On from the moment I tell my story to chosen people of this world, my wish is to readily break up with that person and often with this world. On from the moment I recognize the effective come true of that break-up, my wish is to immediately create conditions of personal humiliations for that thus I return to that world or that person.

c)

We desire to be machines against our exhibition as human beings in a sort of purification. I ask which will my objectives be when I write my history. I enter in a process of identity creation. It's needed to tell everything. I architect a character to close this poem.

d)

Over a st. Martin's party we both danced and ate chestnuts. She took pills with coca-cola. I took pills with rum. In both the same desire: to forget.



5. Essay about the shyness and the cries for help

a)

After cheating others I cheat my self.

Alas the why of not asking for help. Since young I remember not liking to ask for help.

At the third year of elementary school, I am at the kitchen and I cry with the soul in despair because I can't solve alone the math exercises. Although my father had helped my self on this particular occasion, to ask for help was always a painful act, full of guilt extremes and remorse of my self. The not asking for help became, in my self and in my unconscious, a principle as only alone I will be able of winning the force and will to reach victory over shyness, perhaps everything I desire because they say I am too locked in myself.

Since ever, I have established as breath the changing of life, of environment, of identity for that I cease to be contemplative. The succession of break-ups of this principle have originated the inexhaustible sources of suffering, turning my self ungrateful, insensible apparently to the problems of others, fake on the tentative of hiding the truth behind what surround us, the daily life.

b)

When I discover I was a green man, I exploded and suddenly burned my head down.

When I woke up, I did not want to become under a relationship because I was too destroyed I couldn't bear my eyes.

In the process of analysing myself and the whys of having turned into a green man, I discovered I was some kind wolf disowned and dispossessed.

c)

Since all reality is illusion, it's just a build-up, a projection of our mind who only sees precisely what it wants to really see, why not turn off the television, mainly at the time when it's screened the soap operas or football?

d)

When I discovered I was loosing control in everything that surrounds my self, I noticed I have built a romantic train, a theater of masks.

I assume I live love as if they and I were characters and we were creating our love history, that body allure, that love as animals, forgetting the instinct of procreation or the image, the meaning of certain values.

To reach that ideal, that step of beauty, that supreme step of the stair I say to climb, everything I watch and interpret through the image rectangle.

I recall walking always with a recorder picking up words between the music and the tv.

e)

In order to bear my existence I started to develop some kind of identity, some kind of double meanings and relationships based on art and dreams. I am between the proletariat and the aristocracy.

f)

Are you a witch?

Are you a devil worshiper?

What do you believe about God?

Do you have a Bible?

Did you say magic? Do you believe in the occult?

But I thought that you said that you weren't a demon-worshiper?

How do you become a you?

I've heard about witches holding orgies and such.
Do you?

I saw on the news that you use a star in a circle
as their emblem. Isn't that a Satanic symbol?

Are you opposed to Christianity?





6. *The place of birth*

a)

When we are young we go to school.

When we are young we play with mates.

When we are young we watch television and go to bed terrified with the darkness of a hall reminding our selves of the giant red ants from the film "Them".

When we are young we go to the zoo to watch the lions, the birds and we take photographs with an ambiguous look of suffering and force, the torn hair and bombazine shorts.

b)

There it was around eight years ago the first time. An eternity.

I was at an elevator stopped at the second stage under ground zero in a green tower close to the river with ten stages above ground and two more underground.

The bells I rang from six in the afternoon forward were strange and I don't recall them very well, I don't recall the diction I employed coming out from a body without tie. I sold nothing.

The look, the smile of that middle aged couple, blond dutch, left me thinking: am I with a tripping smile? They bought nothing.

I recall at eight o'clock having entered in the van, someone, who knew about the schemata, turns to the back bench and comments something in code and I answer screaming because I was not hearing well: everything run well. As if I was saying: I didn't trip.

c)

While I study the diracs, I wake dreaming with an infinite energy jet projecting itself, through the

yy axis of the euclidean system on the crossroad or cut section of an irregular plane with the spherical forms of the female butt, and I listen to a man feeding the little chicken while I think and ass flaps grow on me set to the sound of funeral mantras of "dust to dust dust to dust" transforming themselves into "quero estudar quero estudar"[study study I want, in portuguese] during bicycle pedals on the afternoon.

d)

The polar star, the constellation of Orion, the imaginary star Cassiber or the constellation of Cassiopeia, the Sirius star and her dark companion, almost invisible the the scientific eye, Sirius B... What will it be the secret of resuscitation?, *the way to succeed and the way to suck eggs...*

e)

Shall or are WE to blame the family, our genes for being considered schizophrenic?

The problem may not be the family or the individual genes who have merged, the problem may be perhaps more the fact, the need, of the cell to divide, one side with the forces of conscience and the other side the forces of sex and gender, monozygotic twins then not necessarily opponents who dialogue between themselves for all ever; then, it's natural that sometimes these inner voices come to the surface and project themselves in the voice of others who share, for instance, the non-formal space of a public bus or the place where one takes coffee and buys the daily paper.

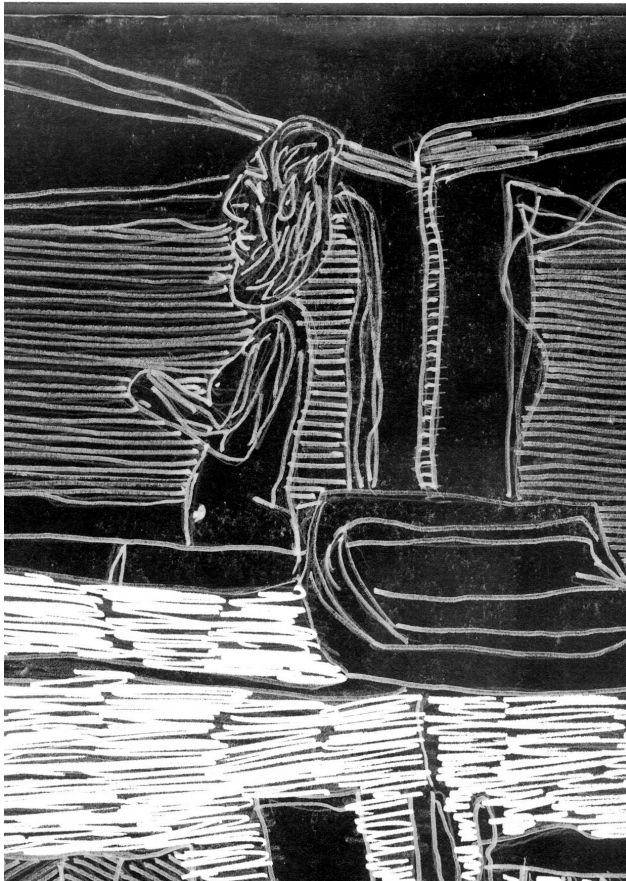
f)

There was one who "confessed" to be a bisexual who never have had an homosexual experience (?!), not

even on his most fertile imagination?, we ask.

g)

"Next time I dream this I want to remember I'm dreaming." "Am I dreaming or not?" If you cannot dream alone dream with a dream machine, close yr eyes, you didn't sleep last night, put the random repeat function on music to not know what's next and where it ends, it never ends, take your shirt off to feel the freshness and not fall totally fall asleep. Do you speak Visual C++ in your sleep?



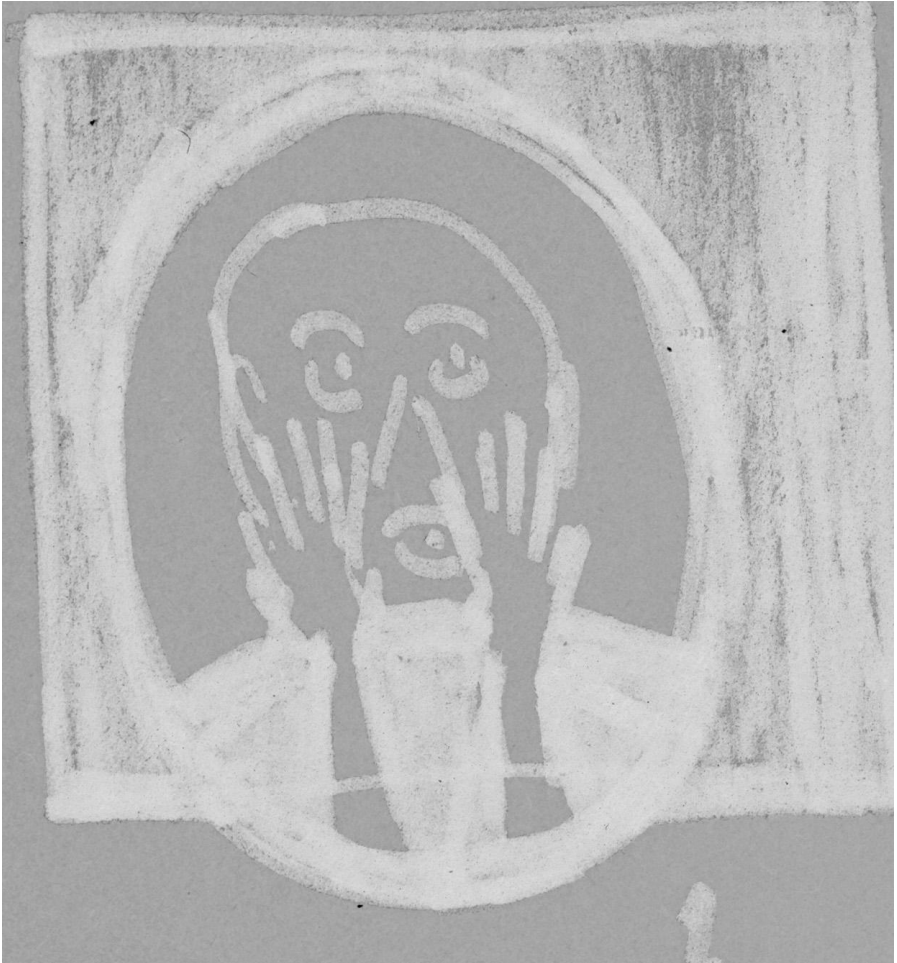


7. *The scenes of a lair*

...Two possible interpretations...

b), a)

A man has lust in his eyes
He looks to the loved one
He seems to be experienced
She seems/is innocent



d),b)

They love they dream they exist they are



f),c)

A man is alone

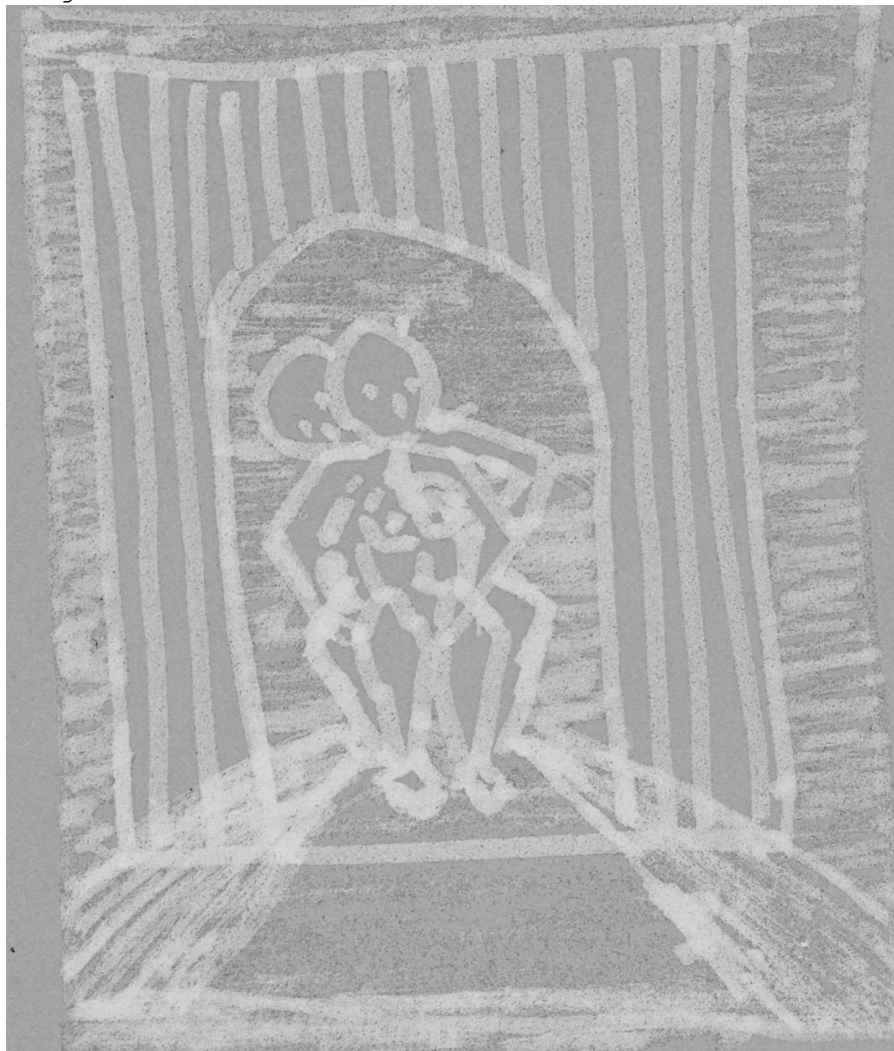
A man is crossed to his dreams memories failures

Having denied love

Having failed on disappearing

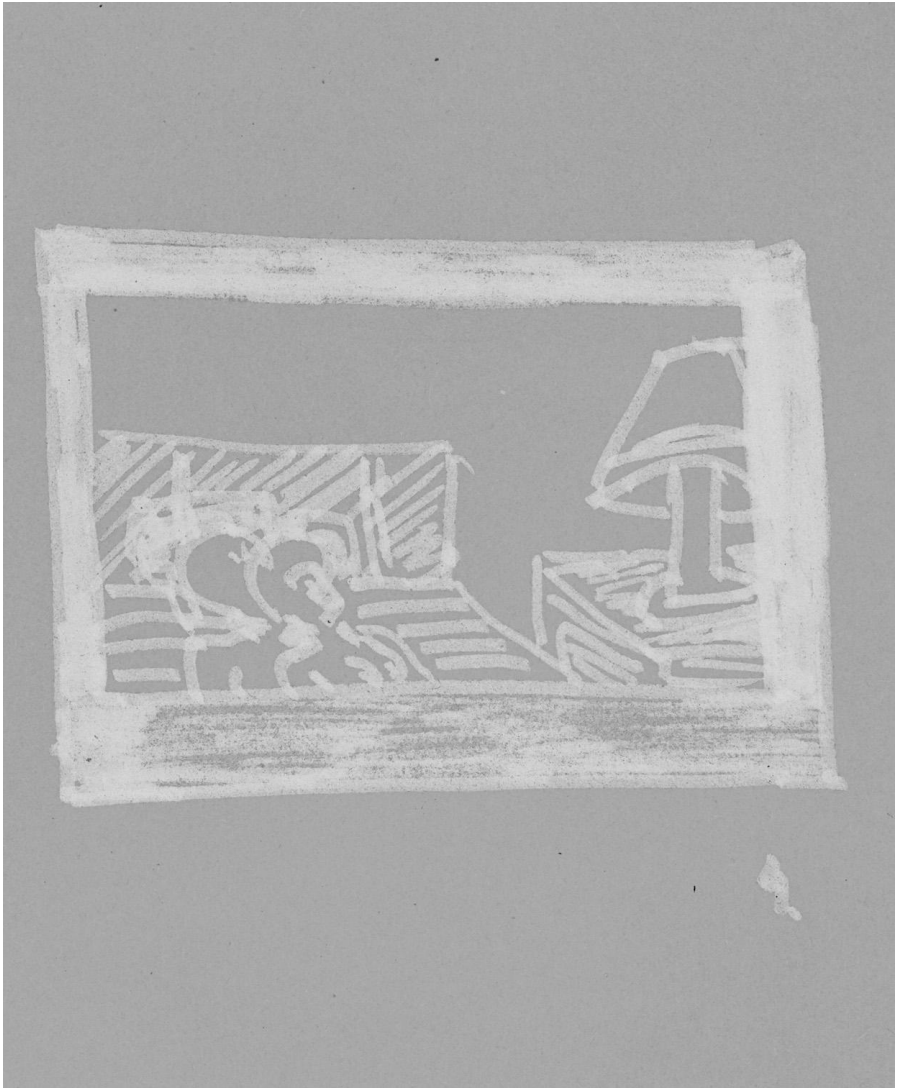
He resigns to live a cage life

He grows old and nihilistic.



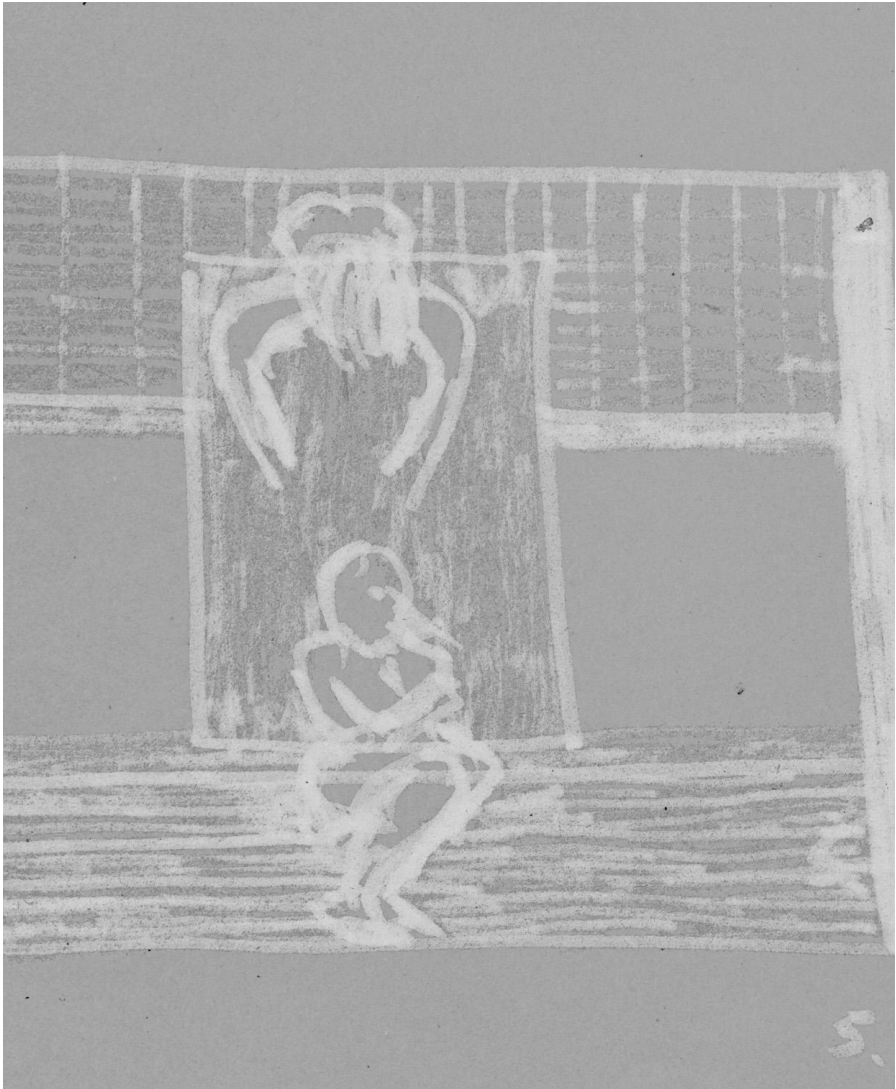
c)d)

A wolf shelter is a place where the refugees sleep
Where they become one being
Where they hide from the outward world
And wait for their hunt, their prey



a),e)

A man looks through a mirror
He doesn't like what he sees
Is suicide a solution?



e),f)

A man finds difficult to control himself

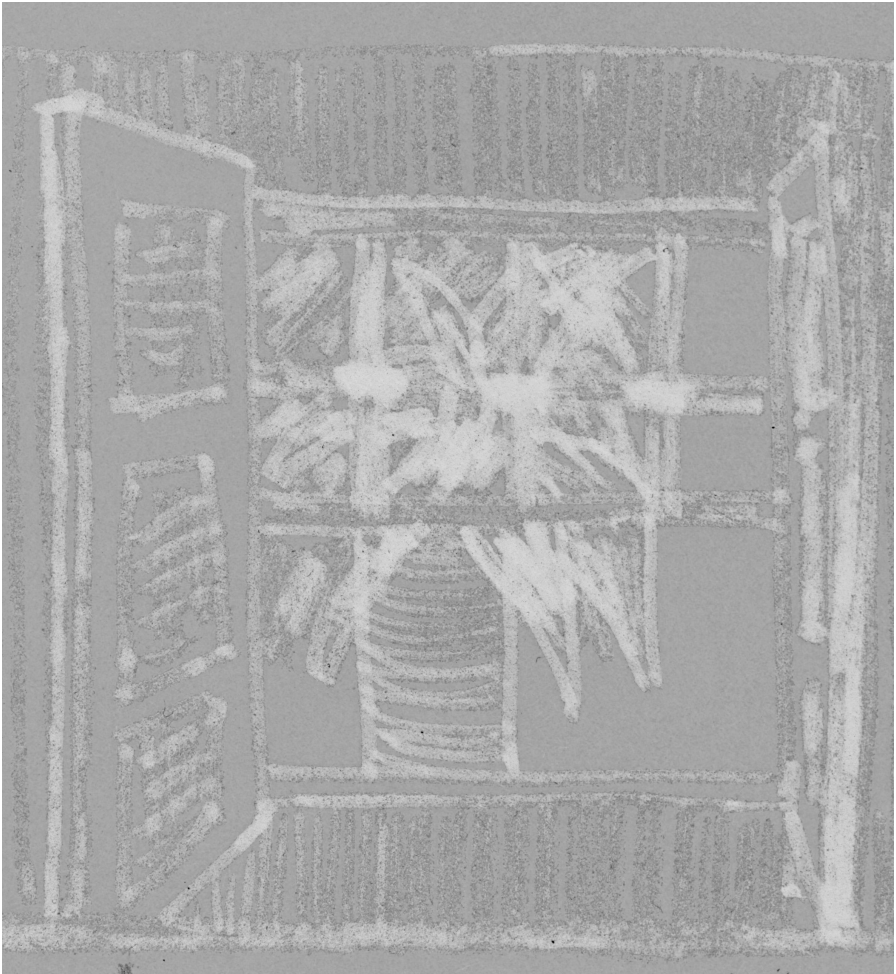
A man finds difficult to offer everything

He wants to offer to the loved one

A man denies all kind of help and words of hope, a
man too unstable is afraid of hurting the loved
one

A man thinks and says: Go away.

A man says: I have no future.



8. *The real mirror*

a)

The cold, black and blue, from the saloon of the golden pavilion burns abstract of yellow and orange by the hand of a black (repeated three times).

The life paradise created burns (intellectual illumination, will of conquest from a destroyer warrior) with the sense of making younger a new equilibrium on a primitive (he wants to resuscitate ego, becoming unique and bigger).

The monk initiated on the domains of the wanted illumination, destroys totally his ego, the house of illumination where all the wannabes wait with nobility, the revelation of his god over a word, in that moment he may rebirth.

He wants to cease being a god to, by chaos, (may be a better god), a man to may live... instead of suiciding with a knife and a bottle of pills (by impotence with women or impotence of his self).

The difference lives on the erotism which provokes the psychic impotence, thus mental, the universe is mental, we create the universe inside our mind and we reflect it at the perception of the real we observe, which takes me to not burn anything but to suicide my self and to survive (but will it be for good?) on the long shadows.

A possible explanation is you to relate everything with the Timothy Leary's VIIth neuro-atomic circuit imprinted by shock, by the experience of near death, by the quantum experience, by the non-local perception (beyond space and time, beyond), by the psi and magic powers, by illumination, by the intuition of the truth of which if you ever fall in love with the white smock wearing nothing under, that means transference, if at any time one take possession, through a link of will, of your

image represented on canvas they will be able to do of your self what they want.

b)

It was then I read on the newspaper Pop Dell'Arte were going to play at Devga.

Friday afternoon after going out of work, I pass by the kyosk and I buy tobacco.

I head towards the train station to get one to Triza, I think on revealing photographs.

Seated on the bench around six PM, the sun shines reflecting itself on the cinema's old glass window, the end of the afternoon in June over the little fields and green little rivers, bridges and towers with the storks raising their offspring.

Fatties are a consequence. They just are not born.

c)

The wall of the dinning room from the sandpaper retreat ends divided vertically, on the right half an arch opens itself romanica from the white wall to a kitchen where the only employee or owner lights up the stove's mouth with a match.

There exists five tables of clear wood and twenty yellow chairs.

After lighting up the fire, he comes through the hall between the tables, he goes down a step separating the two rooms and he looks at my self, he asks: coffee and a glass of water?

Mentally I agree, I stop writing, start to roll a cigarette, see a notepad of blue lines and black cover, a green lighter, a packet of Bass skins, a blue Briz pen, a golden coin.

The employee puts a caravel coffee, the glass of water three quarters full and gathers the coin from the red table, with a diameter of thirty centimetres, ending on a black ring.

They are now a quarter past two in the afternoon.

d)

J'aime les inverties, elles sont très jolies.

e)

Fog, whitish, grey-ish schmuck smock, smoke coke cola coca, screw loose, coil, sip, open and close, walk ten metres high in the middle of the morning fog or in the dew of the february cold night, the green of the river dissolves itself with the company of the old tin of the bus...

f)

Alas the first law of paedophilia: "Let the little children come to me." It seems obvious that the god adored by the catholics should have been a paedophile, after all the clouds are populated by sexless angels that do nothing, nothing besides sleeping.

g)

Mirror I mirror I, is there anything prettier than I?

h)

In the egg there is no distinction between the multidirectional light which enters in this oval space and its reflex on the surface which hides the uterus.

The light is white. The outer space is reddish. The uterus is cavernous.

The balloon is stuck to the surface by a rope, more precisely, a rope ladder whilst the climber avails the terrain.

The ladder steps only are distinguished in small traces on the rock.

i)

I see tough men with plastic blue bonnets digging

to remove the soil that the caterpillar seeds.

I see three women of age in their twenties entering the café; one with a enormous spot on the cheek similar to one or several burns and a cut at the right apple cheek.

I see a man of moustache and mackintosh, cheap and rot with red stripes, delivering to myself an ashtray for my self not to let the cigarette burns, which never consume, fall to the big floor ashtray.

I see the café owner bringing the already daily coffee at my table stating the change from the coffee of yesterday morning I let aside the ad flyers because he had needed to absent for some short moments.

I see beautiful and working women transform into fetishes of a 'rebel' artist by love to the 'maudits' always on the top and the fight against the system (because the rebellion and anarchy and the fight against the system is a throwing argument) only because I get attracted by the most exotic tonalities, such as her black silk sock or the colour red, yellow, black, who the fuck cares, one does not interests the more if it is natural. I see a woman with scars and brunette skin, more long hair smoking the cigarette, transforms her self whilst I look at her, on the eternal gipsy - one more fetish, one more memory, one more go sometimes not compulsively to the mass analyst, to the care taker, the conscience dealer. What I miss from the dream and the sleep and the love as a couple with ganza and pretty films for ever ad eternum eterium on the ether which doesn't know elementals.





9. Psychological addiction

a)

When I make love with her, I am also an audience as in the act of loving there exists the voyeur's eye who observes the desire to give pleasure the most. Thus my pleasure urges and is much bigger as bigger is the pleasure sensed by her.

b)

The first adored god was Pan, the one which during the night and under the adored and protecting moon collected Artemis, he disguised as a ram, the beginning of the universal order, the beginning of love, the creator embodied in the universal matter, generating the world.

Then it happened the change on the earth axis who became cold, the chaos came and reigned with the dead god until the voice of "great Pan is not dead" set up the solar cult.

c)

You did tell me one "ich liebe dich", you did repeated twice "je t'aime" and my self, later, was able of not remembering and ask "but did you never love me?", of having listened "of course yes, but I had not told you because I was not sure", of having interpreted "passion is always the one we don't know how to define" and having written the final lie, the last sentence of the explaining poem "but you never loved me".

Today, the telephone is one of a shoe shop on a shopping centre, your apartment is a company office.

I lost you.

d)

Time is sanctified, painting is sacred,

photography is the process.

The construction of the temple of Osiris/Amon by the magi Toth/Hermes allows the sacralization of the space Isis and the sanctification of the temple Horus.

The recording process of a moment, of the different images in between, allows the creation of the final image, unique, in the space of the canvas - sacred woman who is our daughter.

It's the 1 coming from 9, making 19, coming from absolute divine perfection, the egg created in the woman uterus. Time is sanctified because eternity is reached on the instance of the last brush stroke, death creator of the work, the divine son of the canvas united to the magi.

It's the 1 summed to 9, making 10, becoming 1, the temple house of the god, the hand of the magi, the space of the temple, golden proportion, the canvas, the work, the eternal, the beauty, 6 or G, the beauty of the union and unique, the only time when it was imagined the wish of future procreation.

For that order and organization, 7, must there be a bridge falling in spiral from the immanence of a god over the divine daughter created.

e)

I don't like to close the eyes, I dream with the eyes open, I am in distrust, I like to see if you are hi on pleasure and, after all, for something there will exist the quantum mandalas.

f)

One can not kiss the neck...

One can not pass the nails over the body...

One can not byte...

What are you talking for?

To talk turns me on...

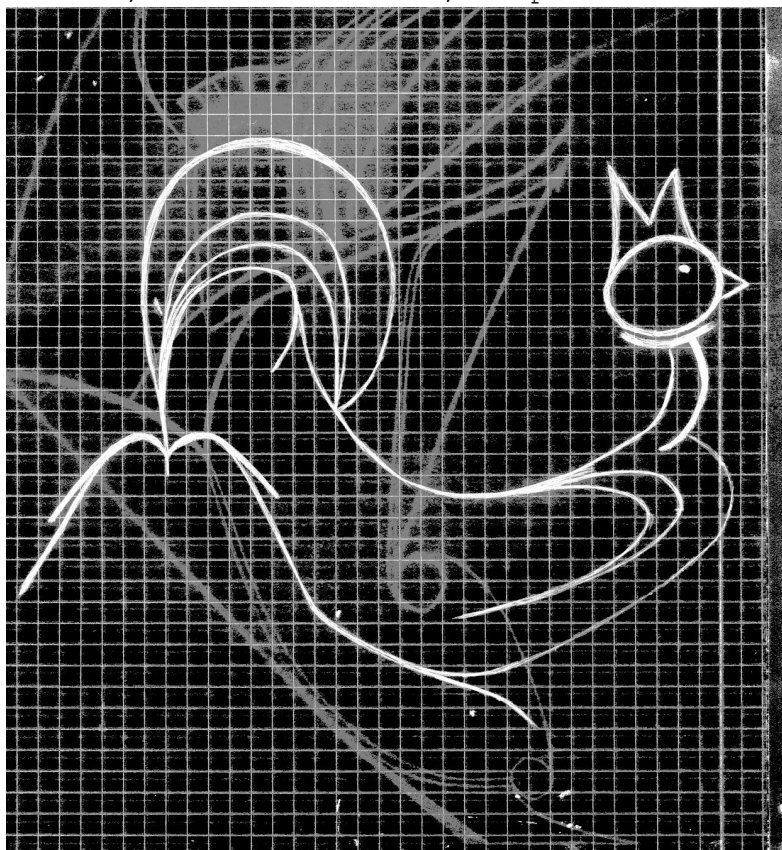
I don't want you to leave saliva or that you dirt
the duvet!

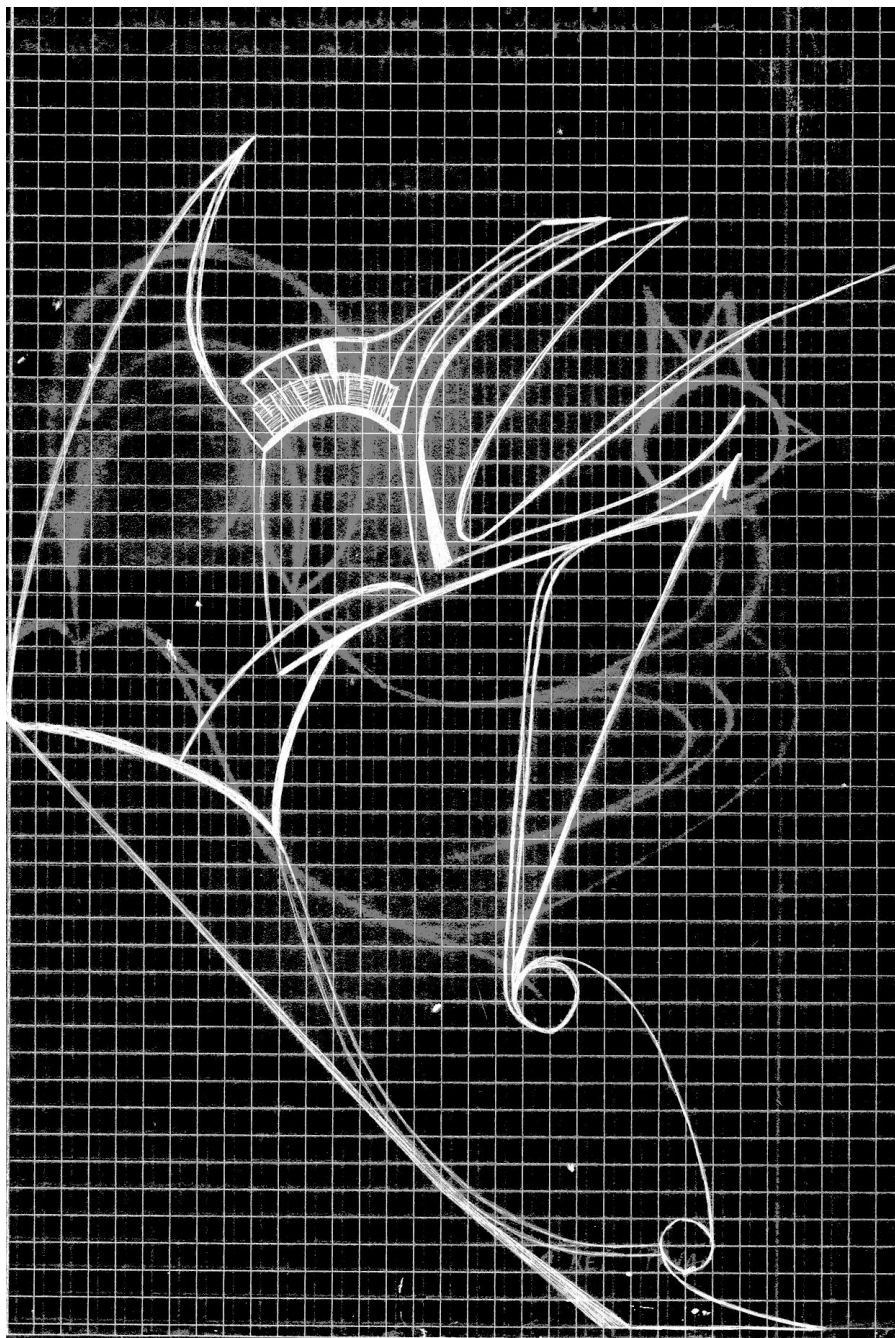
Prostitute who birthed the minimum price.

g)

The dutch psychiatrist Frederick van Eeden in 1913
about the lucid dream he said:

The re-integration of the psychic functions is so
complete that the sleeper reaches a state of
perfect awareness and is able to direct his
attention, and try different acts of free
volition. Still the sleep, as I am able to affirm
with trust, is non-disturbed, deep and refreshing.





10. The lord one follows

a)

Oh this moon shines so bright
or the feline there is in our selves... wolves.

b)

After having discovered that my love for her was a reflex of a moment of sight transforming itself in a moment of bodies and that it was this who made me love, I felt empty and coward thus I was unable to terminate it, that is, unable to terminate a relation of possession.

After having discovered that in reality the latent sadomasochism in the woman is just the reflex of her public and pure love by the man and that due to circumstances they transform themselves from fragile to strong, I felt alone and destroyed due to suffer the truth.

Unable to love truly, or healthily, women, and influenced I wanted to take proof on relation to men. By previous circumstances and literature, loving a game mixed with seduction and masochism, I tested my heart. Whilst laughing spontaneously after having refused a perfectly absurd but valid proposal, I discovered that I was unable to love women or men, becoming a hostage of my sight as a wolf and of my heart as a cat.

c)

Traffic lights. If there are two or more clients wanting to write simultaneously on the shared memory there will be needed to implement a priority scheme through green and red lights who will need to be supplied by the operative system creating thus the illusion of immediate access through time sharing.

d)

Carl Gustav Jung said that us to get rid of our complexes, we shall wish them and drinking them to the core. Taking them to exhaustion, exhaust the possibilities offered on the experience without previously signing off without fair cause by my own initiative and if, later, one will even be thrown out I shall think that there will be hornier women, sorry ladies present at this xmas dinner, but with a thinking head from whom to smell the perfume.

e)

Do you ask my self if I am an ascetic?

Days ago, whilst walking through the café I thought on that... I may not be technically an ascetic as I don't impede others of possessing but meanwhile I ceased to search, maybe I got sick of it. In the meantime, love does never come to you. I miss waking and wrapping around.

f)

My mother is music and the books are my fathers and the canvas is my daughter.

g)

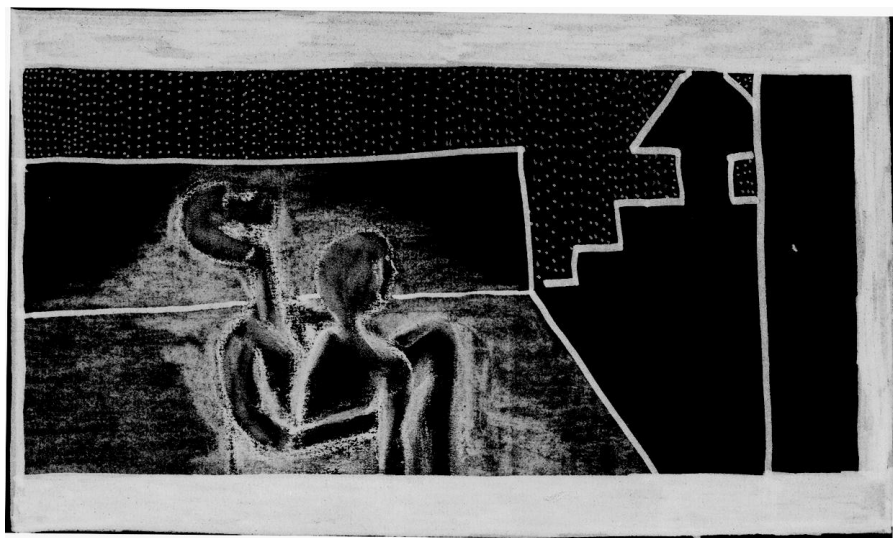
I always knew I needed the others but I refused them as I didn't see qualities on the others. I fell in love by the detail of a fetish, a film about women of countryside and ironwork men, engimmickneers and artisans, a warehouse intellectual.

h)

Coke? Maybe... the problem are the nose haemorrhoids. This absurd makes my self laugh, my true woman c'est l'herbe de l'enfance rouge de ports de passage.

i)

Generally when someone asks if one is a fan of fcp or of the red slb or of the lizard scp, is because that person is a fan of that football club and is interested in knowing and eventually drink a few glasses and be a friend of the person to whom one asked. This concept can be extended to everything even to work or passion hobby, to sexuality or mental disease the coward psychiatrist who runs off professional suicide diagnosed for not wanting to seat at a coffee table with the patient who delivers to him large amounts of cash, saying at last, for example, that people live well with their disease if they take the medication or that even the gay men have a sexual life whilst the woman, who feels frigid and have given up offering money to smartalecs, looks for drug pills to treat or inhibit the psychological factor existent on her mind.





11. The world conflict or the mania of persecution and a follow-up of being necessary to mark the territory

a)

When one has the mania of persecution, one thinks that everything must be faced on an humble way. In the end we put our selves on the side of the guilty ones, even if it's not our guilt we identify with that guilt. Thus it comes a kind of personal compromise. One give something to someone, not because she asked for but because one wants to give something to someone. There is a motive, there has to be one if not one will always give, at every hour and every moment.

(poetry is so beautiful... poetry should be pure.)

We say thanks because we talk with someone even if that act is not necessary, but this act of talking is so shared we have the need of, sometimes, saying thanks, of living in duplicity. We feel well when we say thanks because in general from the outside is a smile of whom satisfied the client, perhaps he'll score up to a higher rank.

(Poetry is so beautiful... poetry should be pure.)

b)

A "madman" is someone who lives unadapted or on the margins of the world or reality where he inhabits. He doesn't wear a credit card nor he puts the irs number on the receipt he asks whilst buying the bottle of whiskey at the liquid store. Thus, and still by fear or lucidity, he shuts up, creates and develops his inner world. Sometimes, he comes to neglect communication and the external opinion. The spirit inhabits inside us.

Will an autistic child be, mad, a genius?

c)

By proceeding this way, we are facing the act of living as something similar, where perhaps one shall undress the formal artifices to reach a certain essence of things or of our selves, what would be our biggest achievement.

Naked in full glory bloom. I want to give pleasure.

At a certain point, it comes the idea that the public manifestation of a certain personal integrity is deformed by the public perception acquired by the reflection of another private life, is it?

Undressed on the top of a vrooming broom. You pay to have pleasure.

d)

Can anybody explain to my self what does it mean the word "aesthetics"?

e)

At the age of six, I was singing and dancing folk, masked and fixed to a bottle without wine, on a local group of folk, at a school party.

My dream was to get an accordion. My parents arrived to think on buying one for my self but it was expensive already at the time, besides I couldn't bear comfortably its weight.

Later, it came something lighter: the flute.

Today I desire to have a pianoforte.

f)

People say I look like an outsider

People say I look Dutch or German

People say I look pretty when I shave and cut my hair

People say I look like a sex maniac

People say I look like a gay

People say I look like a drug weird guy when I let
my hair and beard grow
People say I behave like a boy
People say I behave like a street bear
People say I look like a Sir
People say a lot of things.

Nobody have tried to put me out
I have tried to put myself out
I have failed
Therefore I am!

g)

Georges Bataille wrote:

When we reject what is aberrant, what is vague, we
do not reach and do not understand the really
truth of sexual life.

h)

Last week was just a bad dream

I wonder why...

You filthy Junky "caesar" Christ on a circle of
colours in disguise!

Rationalise the desires and manifestations of the
Ego.

Go on... wake me up from the tomb.

i)

A dog pisses on the tree and the man is arrested
if he doesn't pay the use of toilet room service.



12. Why do I desire to talk about women?

a)

The psychoanalytic theory offers explanations about the why of a female body being the most found on the work of the greatest part of artists. According to Freud, the lack of a penis on the woman's body causes the castration complex on man. These react to this anxiety creating a fetish, which can be an overvalued woman, or creating a sadistic image through the narrative of control and punishment in a way to underrate the woman. Thus, the man looking the image of a woman evokes the castration anxiety and the means of negating this anxiety, negating any proper meaning to the female body which becomes the "other" of the male. Because of this, the female sight moves in the space provoking fantasies to the male sight which protect him from the castration anxiety.

Poor old Freud... he'd wanted to fuck but he should be ugly and moralistic.

b)

-Hi, I just arrived. How are you?

-Fine, I studied nothing today. My parents just went now and she hasn't arrived yet. I'm alone.

-Listen, I pass there around nine o'clock, ok?

-No, I can't. She arrives in a moment and I am waiting for her to study.

-I guess I'm just a fool...

-No, you're not, but I can't forget... can't you?

-It's difficult to pretend not to be with someone one likes...

c)

Oh Saturna, such wisdom behind that judge mask...

Oh Venus, such insensibility...

Oh Sheela-na-gig, my mother...

But there still exists Virgo, Libra, Capricorn,
Taurus.

d)

There are no absolute truths, nothing is static,
you look at my hand and it seems static, pinkish,
but if you cut your self you'll notice that the
blood flows red, brown, dark. Your model of
reality is correct or is it just a limit to your
knowledge? Why are you afraid of the fire, will
you not be a puppy?

You shall awake today and think on Artemis, after
yesterday has been Hecate's night, tomorrow it
will then be... Isis.

e)

I shall turn visible the invisible and the visible
invisible.

I shall revert the polarity of the world, of my
mental world.

I shall try to live, at least, five minutes
without conditioned thoughts.

f)

The soul is the means, the spirit is the entity or
intellect, the mind is the process.

g)

When we smoke a joint we enter into a trance, we
talk with ourselves, perhaps with the so called
god, the senses become more sensible, a dream
wraps us, sleepy, apotheosized, we almost sleep,
the active vision, the touch corresponds, we grab
the yellow paint smeared with orange dirt and we

spread it on the dirty canvas with the pencil charcoal. Then the colour mixes itself, confounds itself, greenish yellow, not yellow lemon whilst entering the outline of the blue skull, one can see immediately the green, circle section of the sphere, yellow green of a blonde hair looking, with eyeholes smeared with blue, a brown man with muscles and a cock head and an arm, where one can see the spike injections evil evil-given, red purple and brownish, terminating at an hand who fixes the next syringe.

I notice it's funny to wake up, smoke a joint and observe the last day's work and watch what one haven't seen, the last glance of the eye.

h)

Mathematics is the most abstract and the greatest of science. Painting is psychology, psychoterapy and can be sociology if it verses themes outside the inner reality of the painter.

The Einstein's theory of relativity, explained by the non-euclidean Riemann's mathematics, tell us that the observation of a fact or experience depends from the object, from the observer and the media environment, being thus relative. Absolute is, meanwhile, the math model built to define the relation between observations directed by different observers.

If we combine the theory of relativity with the psychology of perception, we can say that if I have an "clear" idea and if I talk that idea with someone I "know well", I could divine or get the intuition of which will be his reaction or opinion.

If everything can or will come to be described from some math model already existent or one to be built on the future, to understand painting or art in general, one shall have a complete and profound

knowledge about, at least, the math model or reality map which runs the biocomputer of the self individual who creates or have created "on that" certain moment, that is, one shall have the knowledge of our brain, including mainly the right lobe which, in the most part of time, is inactive but which manages, between other things, emotion, analogy, image. That is, "to know well" a person means to know totally what no neurosurgeon / scientist / mathematic (all connected to the left brain logical, linear, rational) knows, the non-linear part of our earth world. Besides, it will be necessary that the idea or proposed image were absolute, what would mean the suicide or of the individual or of the work he created; if an idea were not ambiguous or mysterious, it wouldn't be an idea, something which catches our thought's attention.

The fact that very much people write or had written about painting or art in general, including psychologists, sociologists, etc., takes us to think that art like mathematics is abstract or, at least, is just a map of one of the possible realities.

They say that, in the future, science will walk aside art. Science have begun, equally, to explain religion.

In the future, that will mean the end of art unless a new genius comes. As for religion, we all have our doubts as there will always be new messiahs.

i)

Korzybski's semantics and the zen way of life can melt if we think that a word, an idea, an ego or entity faced as a process on the chine culture and language are or they don't make up of nothing more than abstractions without or with very little

meaning out of the context, outside of an infinitely superior world.

j)

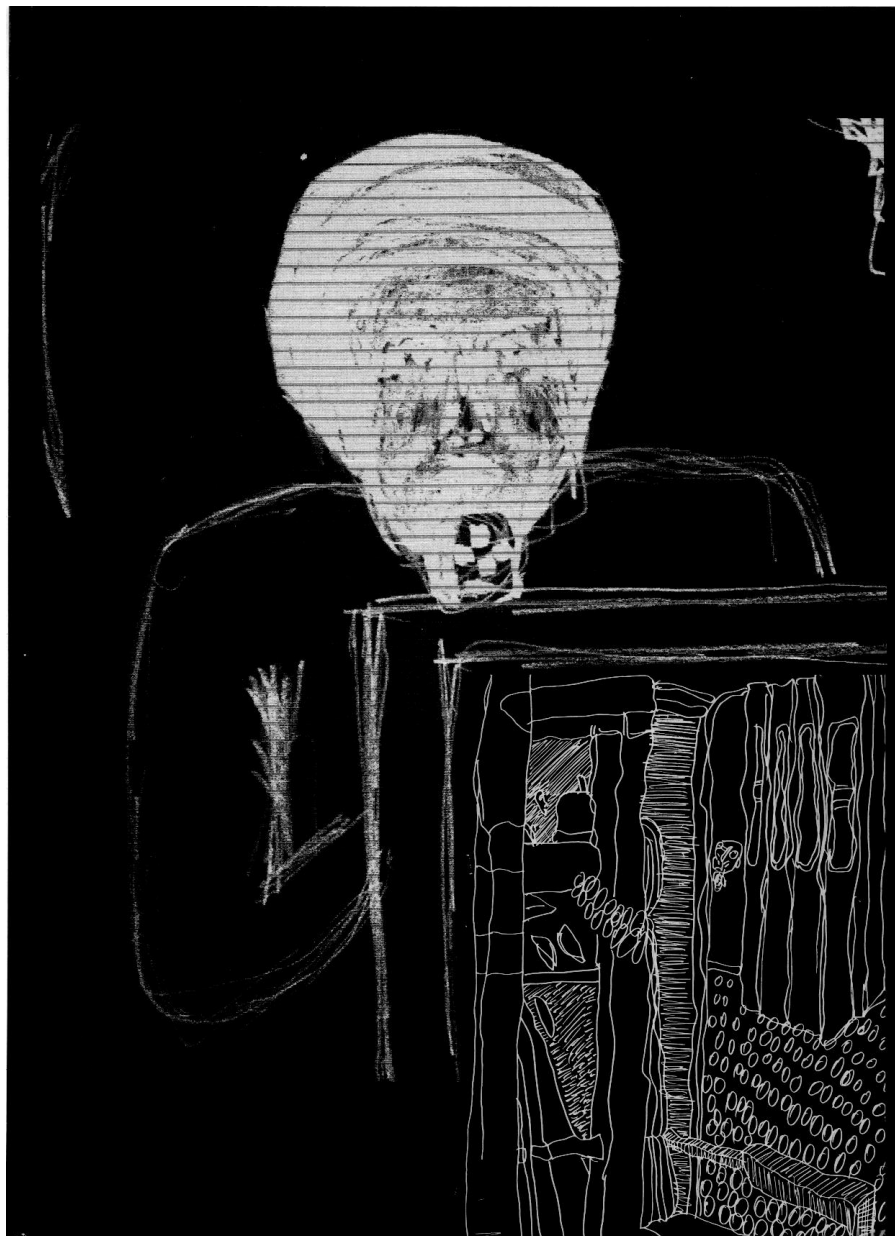
Fuck it! This german band is the last scream.

k)

It seems to my self that certain people who live from laziness, asking for a mile after having been offered a centimetre of good will and with no refund required, just because the doctor told them they were schizophrenic, they will lose their identity, they will cease to exist if someone put at stake if they ever have been mentally sick. After all, they will need to be lazy ones and the most part pimps saying: but you know... I am like this because I am a schizophrenic, I ask for you to go getting my self a cup of water or a bit of hash because I am a schizophrenic and I can't move some metres, you know... I am not lazy, what I am is a 'maudit', I was cursed by the witch my ancestor and I dedicate to uncover all those worlds which so much terror cause to the politicians and the moral institutions, what I really wanted was to have everything at my feet, don't you worry, I have solid plans: any day now I built the pedestal which will give you eternity.

l)

Take care with the bird shit, remind yourself that bronze is not eternal, once in a while it's necessary to come down of the pedestal and go to the garage to unrust; remind yourself that there is no statue diagnosed as a maid servant for all service aside your self with any obligation to feed you.



13. Variations about a time of continuous boredom explaining the why of the I

a)

I smoke ganja to pass the time. There were times I smoked it to experiment. The important was not passing the time, it was to use it. By using the time, he passed. The most curious is that the marquis imagined it all.

b)

Nobody sees the drawing
Everybody receive radio
Gypsies receive photograms while I draw
They see everything except the drawing
The soundtrack is the environment
Something in between noise and music
Silence between noise and music.
The light is off.

With the light on

People who wear colours between the brown and the orange
Don't see the drawing.
The soundtrack is once again silence
If one considers the sound of tv as silence.

People who think or close their eyes to dream
Receive in the brain the sound and the image through telepathy.
Still the music is silence.

c)

I am invisible. No. I am not. I would like to be invisible.
Although I am a common guy, someone who passes unknown in the great metropolis, someone invisible by disguise, the people who sees my self don't

recognize my self (oh!, sublime ambition...), I transmit the world to the world, that is, the world sees part of the world through my self.

What means do I use?

My eyes. My eyes are two video cameras continuously connected to the telepathic current who positions the images in the mind of that world. Thus, the people don't know the man behind the camera, but they know his images, his world and his colour. The people don't see the cameraman because they are busy to see in their minds the images of themselves, the portrait of their world, the portrait of themselves.

My ears. My ears are two microphones transmitting the environmental sound or the radio retransmissions with the name 'exquisite remains with ganza'. How I would like to be headless...

But if I am really invisible and if the transmission channel is unidirectional, that is, between my self and you all, you only have access to an small part of what I am or do and just from the moment you know my self; then, my past is preserved and you if you have access to what my pen writes because you see with my eyes, you don't have access at the same time to that what I think, a confusion of layers, and then I can be thinking on a certain idea and code it or even invert its meaning whilst scribing it to the paper.

What's left for my self to discover? To which point and when will the decoding of my hallucination or paranoia or mania of persecution finally finalised? Perhaps never, because they say to my self that my disease is organic and it's for life. The decoding will never be finalised, I will never be free, there will be who know and in the limit a meme or the possibility of freedom but today I continue to think that my future will be the outside charity.

d)

In the first time, the world is against my self because I have a tenebrous secret hidden in my mind. Often, in surreal trains or unusual theoretical lectures one listens chats about tongue cleaning before the act, or that one already knows about the truth on a certain time and it is only needed to know the reality after that time, this because someone was discovered, undressed and now speaks with anger.

The world is so hateful with his repression or suppression of undesirable moralistic-sexual feelings or memories within the unconscious!

Then, I don't believe in the reality which is happening, it's too incredible everything that's happening, I am a skeptical looking for microphones, fighting against reality, imposing my presence in front of the world, this strange and accusing audience. The voices say perhaps: "Such disgust, he's in love with a disgusting woman and witch!"

In the second time, the world is in peace with my self, the world is hilarious, comical, this because I already have accepted the reality of my self and of my relation with the human beings and it seems that they, even if they don't understand, at least they accept my reality. The voices say now: "oh it's cool, he's in love with a great and beautiful woman!"

Then, I believe, I am a believer, in my reality and in my relation with the world, I am a comical walker spreading my sperm on the web, laughing about everything, everything is nice, I don't understand or I don't want to know that this reality is an illusion.

I leave it to your criteria to choose which one of this situations is the most acceptable and the most "real".

I ask how's going to be in the next time? What sensations and realities will there exist? What will the audience and the newspaper say? Hey my our ladi my shaint grasheful... what will they say, the people? Perhaps they pass on admiring my self or they take from my self an anonymous, tourism photograph or perhaps they call me as a sweet vampire by trying to suck the identity and proposing my self as a disguised way out to the woman whom attracts my self visually in the moment. No, nothing as such is going on, it's just falling deep and having to start again dying from the cure, the cynicism and misanthropy are the avoidance of social affairs and originates reflections, reactions and revolutions.

Asceticism, eliminate the will?, beautiful crap! Will it be that I must eliminate the desire, the ambition of surpassing my self? After all, when we die this life, we're going to be judged, as they say, even if we flagellate our selves in a dark cellar a la st. augustine and even if we have ecstatical visions due to the voluntary suppression of food and what else craps and supposed techniques the mystics and other theoreticals whom if they were clever would make only mutus libers and would not proclaim to the world how good they are and how many skies and pretty little angels or gods or god they can lick the ass if in fact they are goody or contribute to the cause in body, soul and money, blindly, with no discussion, as in Auschwitz and Nuremberg or Jenin or Washington or Moscow or in all the dictatorships disguised as democracy or societies said of secret societies and in power, as they say, of all the truth and a single point of view, empowering the right of saying that everything was proved by the scientific method postulated by Francis Bacon when sometimes not even the stove

they know how to fire.

e)

We're we talking about getting a pneumonia?

My grandfather used to say that a good drunk night solved the problem.

I concur...

But I prefer vitamin C.

Thus, it's important to have always a pen at hand for the case of being contacted and having the need of pointing out an idea, consequence of the previous idea, the non-causal evolution in time integrated in the sensory space of right and left ears.

f)

Body, mind, spirit, soul.

A quaternary: my self, life, the daughter and her.

The spirit of the pharaoh incarnating in the daughter when the goddess lives and the body dies transforming itself in spirit whilst abolishing the fight between the chalice and the sword.

The entity-process is the divinity.

The stimulus generates the impulse of imagination, female being, who creates the will, being son or daughter, creating oneself the act from the male being, the reason.

g)

Moral of story:

The good professor, the bad professor, the non professor, the old professor and scientist professor and the bum who can find the redemption through the discovery of someone who loves him.

The manual says to relive after death.

For I to be a POEE... hell, I will need a lot of psychotic experiences in the next few days.



14. Requiem (the empire is now!, melodramatic apotheosis of a desired dream)

The new sight of things: ReX et XeR. Will this be a disease or a gift?

"Oh! You who used to irradiate nocturnal solitudes, god of the solar Disc! Look! I my self also follow you in between the inhabitants of the Sky that surround you! I, dead, [...], penetrate at will either in the Region of the Dead or in the Region of the Living over the earth, over every land to which my desire conducts me."

Which that happens is a consequence of what one dreams.

Lately, our ears fell asleep with the Edith Piaf's sweet voice.

Soaked in sex, our mouths woke up with the shame which proudly we waxed to the fore face.

You, the great shipwrecked, were the sissy whom by our dyke hands, the purple rose buggered.

Love is a sweet poison,

Et non, nous ne regrettons rien.

But, today, maybe I would have done the things in a different way.

Do you understand the paradox of this friday, August 13,1999?

Today is Alfred Hitchcock's one hundred birthday.

On wednesday one celebrated the total eclipse of the sun.

The tentative of perception the reality has an influence on its own reality.

All I can say is that the result is very informative.

First...

I imagine to dislike,

Later...

I think on the why of,
Trying to reach a conclusion...
I apply the theory.

They remind my self that the tentative of perception has an influence on its own reality. I rest astonished and I doubt.

I didn't tell her but I said it to my self: we change during the experience and if all goes wrong they don't cure but they put on a program of damage reduction. One enters in prison for life.

I desire to put the mind to not thinking on which I want to think, sublime contradiction: the will opposes but, meanwhile, I believe in having will. We all want to think and because we think we are philosophers.

You don't have guilt I don't know grammar and I don't have guilt you don't know how to swim.

My shout is not yet scientific, I walk, still, looking for techniques to imagine the process. I must annihilate the information collected to be able to analyse it, at last decode the language, that is, the process.

The entity processed through identity. The process seems so autonomous that seems to have its own life.

Saroti! Saroti! It's sometimes necessary to forget.

Repetition. Repression or suppression of desires. Code.

The cell has an influence on conscience et l'hérétique cherche le savoir. Critic and criticised of his self.

To think ahead and to think back. To recycle the reality.

To divide, to fuse the code and to create operative traffic lights for that the system doesn't enter in deadlock.

I don't have photographic film if not I'd try to

influence the process of the roses. I try to get an intuition on the first code, ah sublime ambition! The reality...

Perhaps I don't believe as everything is relative, then, I may be agnostic.

Why do I put the hypothesis of fear and of dying in the middle of everything? Oh, I am so mystical?! I try to believe I must believe in reality. Then... I think over the elliptical aspect.

Perhaps I always was or perhaps not, perhaps... I believe, thus I think.

The process and the tentative of ascension to reality by the entity who tries to access the code, to that reality and I found we have lost our selves always on the way entering into fights with the minotaur waiting to be saved always by someone whom we desire that arrives after we doubt if we are strong enough. But what is strength?

It's time to make affirmations, to sublimate the ego in over quantum jumps. The strength is a code associated to perception, a memory, hypostasis of memory and adjacent metastasis.

I believe I must absorb the abstract concept which gets lost at every moment in the process of perception but I must have a drive imagination, a decree of will and concentration on the pose, clue-element, the recollection of the invisible mind, I must evoke the force at the calm and relative dark with patience in a dialogue with the process, the abstract with the concrete.

It's necessary to fight against reality, against destiny, against the code.

I must join the bad hound dogs, join the sublimated ego who can be repressed inside my instinct. What will the dog nose, obedient to the hunter's desire in protecting the goddess, have in dealing with this? Will it be that I must be

maudit, damned and with which end?

The malediction is fiction explored the most part of the time with commercial ends, in truth there are very few maudits.

Perhaps the eternal moralism.

I shall annul by concentrating the analysis and doubt that the repression and suppression are part of my body, I have a list of archetypes but I am not an archetype. I must concentrate my self and shoot in the distant dark without fear of loosing the target, that is, to loose the target. Distant dark I try to charm by describing the image I make of it in blue.

I have fear of the danger of being a moralist. I need to learn the courage which seems already to not be an instinct of mine.

Why must we make the revolution? Will it be that the distance between my self and the objective essence I search for has an influence on the illusion of reality?

I have fear of the transference phenomenon, that is, to love more the object than the reality.

The maudit would be to not joint my self. I must share and sing my score.

What will the twin entity think about the guilt imprinted by entities with power after the precise moment when the wolf had imagined the succubus? Will I have had jealousy from the apparent succubus not only inside my self? And if I dream? Why do I awake scared when I see the transmission of the distant image in colour?

Is memory in colour or in black and white? The process in black and white is clearer but the biggest part of the scaring realities are in colour. I said that I have become invisible but I still not know the process of validating that theorem, and then, I doubt. I will always doubt and be on the limbo.

I must use the unconscious. Will the reality, I try to prove be a twin being, crash itself with the means used by my self to desire the succubus or will it be that I try to prove that I am also a genuine? The cat who thinks he is a wolf or that he wants to be a wolf tries to prove that the succubus is his twin sister.

Memory to erase definitely: choose, accept and later being moral and being struck by jealousy.

They have not beaten my self much when I was a child or a teenager.

The introduction of a concept impedes the transmission.

The velocity of processing and the access time to memory is a concept of quantum biology.

XeR, are you by chance a nomad gypsy and a white skin fisherwoman?

Hiara perlu kavawn

Om Ah Hum

Benza Guru Padma

Siddui Hum

ReX, are you by chance a brunette brazilian woman with thick lips?

And you, you are so much inside that painting that only your self sees what's in there.

I am sorry but I am unable to live...

Will the life be an useless nightmare?

Hmm, I will not give them that luck!

There are supermarket cars abandoned in lightless little streets and the water flows on its eternal silver cycle towards the mouth.

The will is always imagined.

Impotence to deal with the everyday study, part-time passion and work.

Eternally. It's truer everyday.
You make a very big idea about yourself...
There are trash trucks driving the streets where
the bicycles are left on the dew under threatening
skies pierced by gothic church towers.
Elle a venu pour me donner le numéro de sa age et
je suis en étudiant.
Impotence to deal with the everyday family,
friends and acquaintances.
Walking the streets, taking conclusions.
Your ego is the size of the world... and the
people need mirrors to be able to watch
themselves.
There are people who in sunny sunday afternoons
watch out horrible places to be visited in the
future and there are people who always wash their
hands in dirty water bidets.
Impotence to deal with the everyday girlfriend and
other good drugs.
There are blue pulpits where one assists to a
whole of a ritual of unknown senses, not learned
yet gestalts, where one searches for the intimacy
knowledge.
There are recollections that last for ever.
Will this correspond to your true nature?
Impotence. Desire of impotence.
Watching the dead, our dead bodies.
There are green paradise places. Breeding life.
There is. The empire exists. It is. It's just to
take advantage of.
I'm addicted to life.

Where is the big shipwrecked?

Where is the purple rock?

Because...

Before he was young and joyful in the middle of
the night, a dandy.

Then he became grey and blind in a world which,

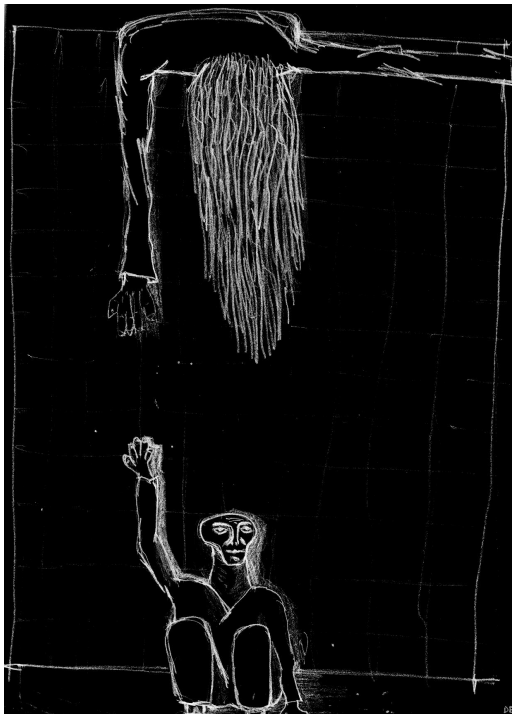
due to his perception, was black such as black were the clothes he wear, a monk.

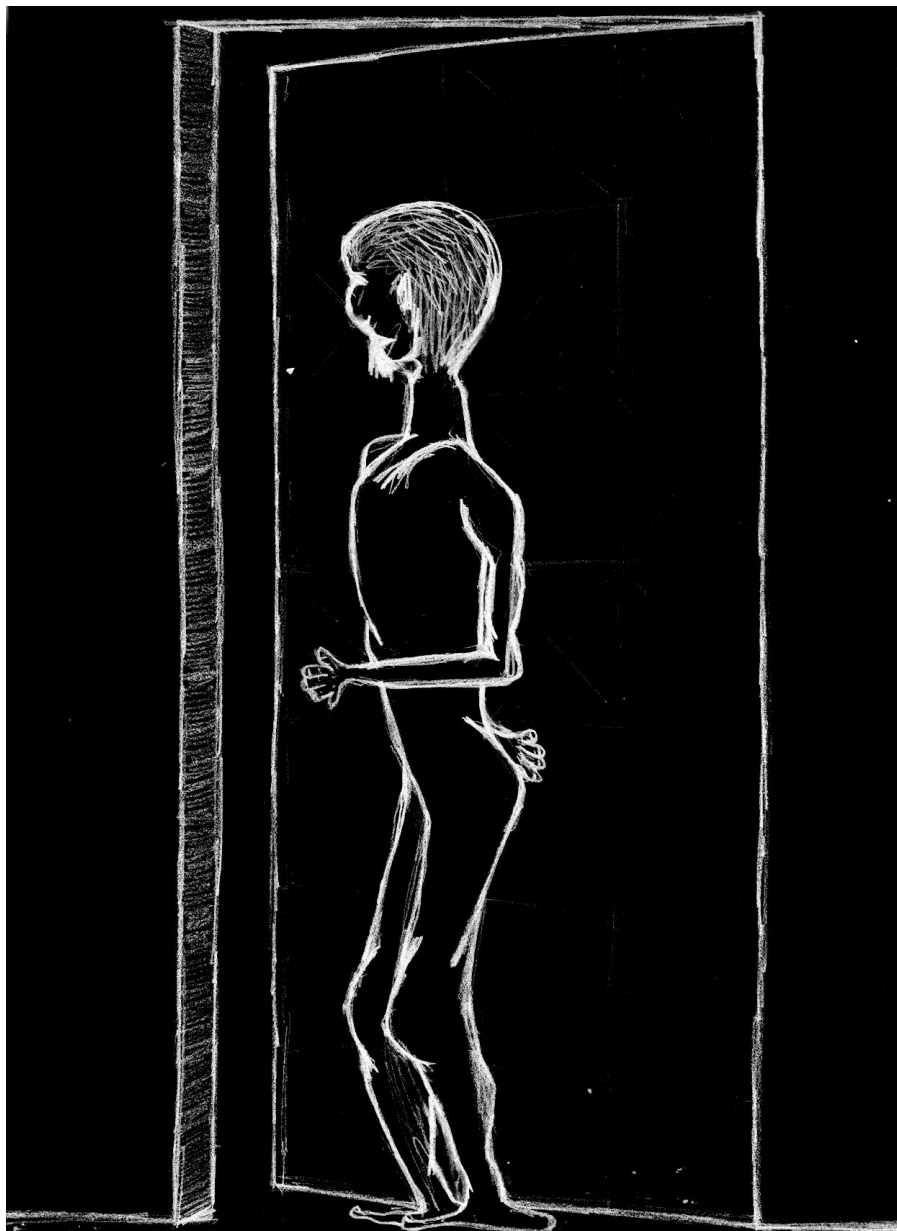
In the end, he became white with a single eye, a white cyclops, a red nose clown.

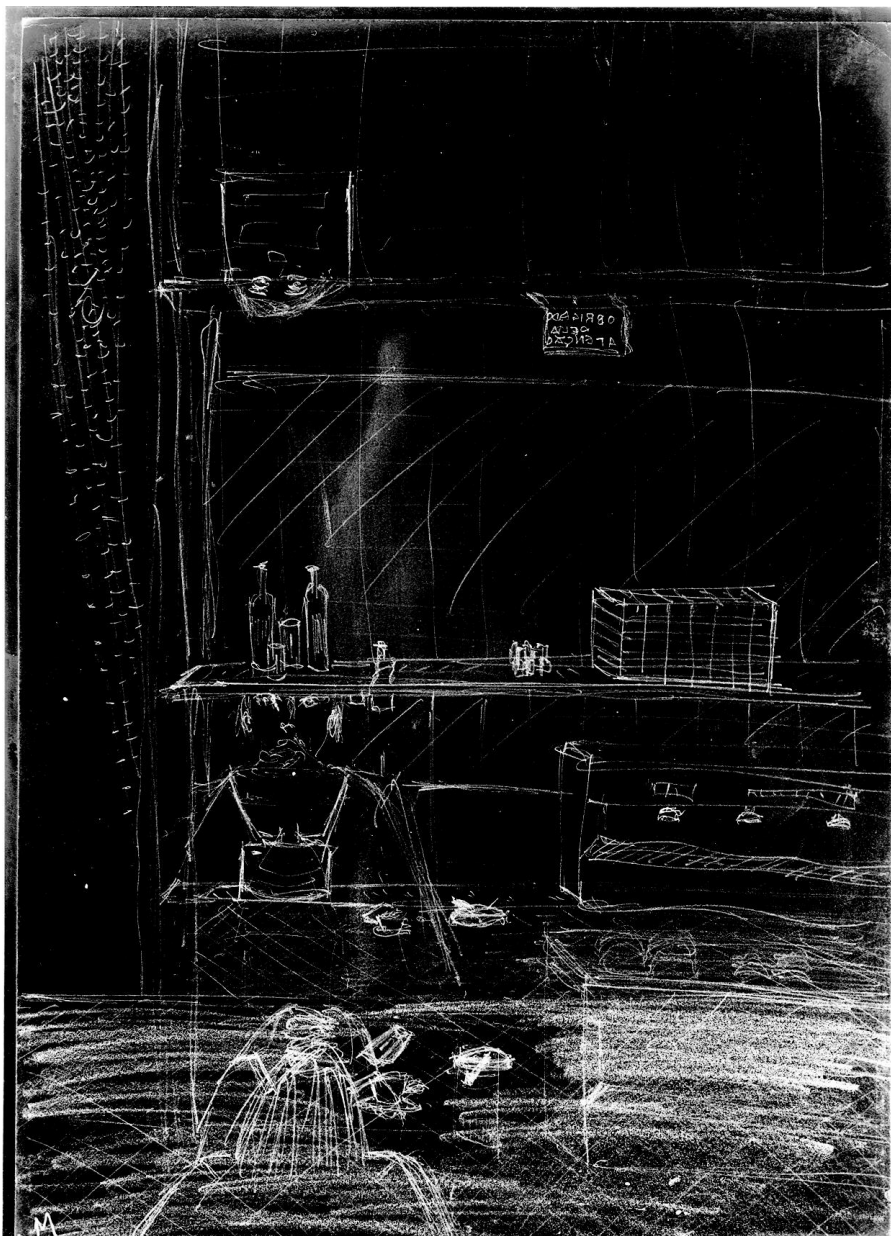
He tried to grab the purple rock and love her as if she was a goddess and the truth is that if she was purple she was nothing more but a rock... purple, actually she had told him to love her by her self, a rock, a beautiful woman, I, you know? I... love me, my self I am real and I am here at your side, don't love the cd photograph, I am not a photograph.

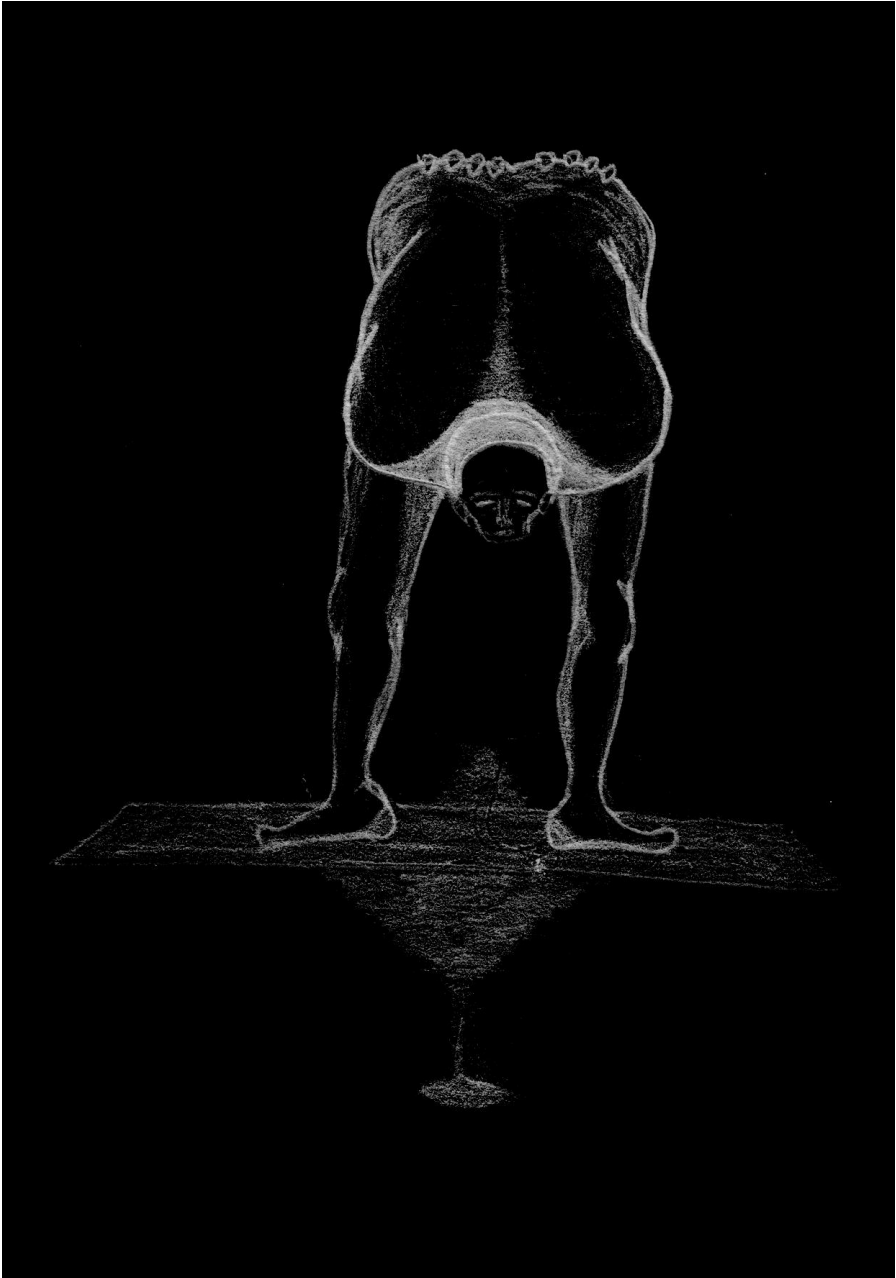
Thus, when I die put the cds at my side for that I can leave serenely with the voice of all hers. Later one day I will tell you the suck of the creation of a myth or my "artist shit".

THE END

















ICATA'S POSTAL SERVICE

>For the woman:

- 8.15 To wake with kisses
- 8.30 To weight 2 kilos less than the day before
- 8.45 Small breakfast in bed with orange juice
and croissants
- 9.15 To take a hot bath with parfume and vanilla
- 10.00 Fitness and gym with her personnal trainer (
a beautiful guy with a great humor)
- 10.30 Face care, hand cake, shampoo, hair dryer 10mins
- 12.00 Lunch with her best friend (girl) in the nicest
restaurant (most expensive as well)
- 12.45 To spy the ex girlfriend of her boyfriend
and to discover that she weight 7 lbs more now
- 13.00 Shopping with the girls, credit card unlimited
- 13.00 Nice sleeping
- 16.00 Deliver of 3 dozens of roses with a beautiful
card signed by a secret lover
- 16.15 Small gym + massage done by a strong guy
that says that he doesn't have the chance to do
that to a beautiful body like that usually.
- 17.3 Tries in a Haute Couture shop.
- 19.30 To have a diner with candles (2 persons)
with music and nice words
- 22.00 Hot shower (alone)
- 22.50 To be brought to bed
(with new satin fresh sheets)
- 23.00 Kisses
- 23.15 To sleep in strong arms...

>For the man (animal should I say):

6.00 Alarm on

6.15 Blow job

6.30 Big shit makes him feel better
while reading the sports page of the tabloids

7.00 Breakfast : steak, bacon,
eggs, coffee and toasts prepared by a naked waitress

7.30 Limousine arrives

7.45 Few whisky glaces on the road of the airport

9.15 Flight in a private jet

9.30 Another limousin with private driver to go to
the golf club (blow job on the way)

9.45 To play golf and win

11.45 Lunch : MacDo, 3 beers,
a bottle of Don Perigon 1959

12.15 Blowjob

12.30 To play golf

14.15 Back to the airport in
limousin (whisky glaces on the way)

14.30 Plane to Monte Carlo

15.30 Afternoon: fishing, girls
all naked on the deck of the boat

17.00 Back in private jet, massage
by Pam anderson

18.45 To shit, take a shower, to shave

19.00 To watch the news : M Jackson is
dead, Marijuana is legalised, Hard-porno as well.

19.30 Diner : French courses, Don Perignon 1953,
nice big juicy steak, and
to finish an ice on 2 big breasts

21.00 Cognac Napoleon, cigar Cohuna and to watch
football on tv in front of a big screen

29'. France beat England 11-0

21.30 Three some with 3 girls (lesbian tendency)

23.00 Massage, bath with a good pizza and
a nice fresh blond beer

23.40 Blowjob to sleep well

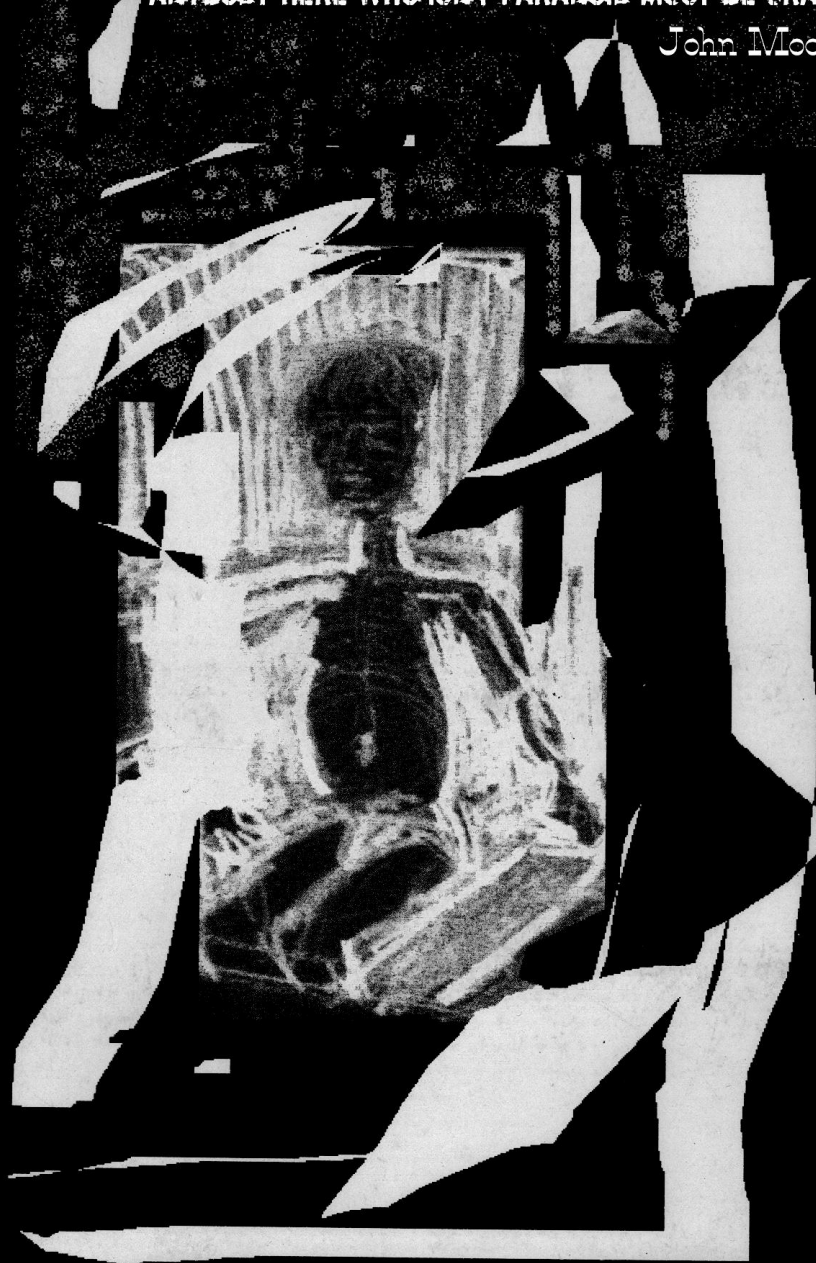
23.45 To sleep alone in a nice bed

23.50 To blow 30 seconds, even
the dog has to leave the room.



ANYBODY HERE WHO ISN'T PARANOID MUST BE CRAZY

John Moore



Anybody here who isn't paranoid must be crazy

IQ Hospital

The room is six metres wide by three metres large. On one of the sides, there exists a window with small glass rectangles and a sofa with the newspaper I read everyday and the blue coat which belongs to Carlos. On the largest wall, there are several shelves containing my books and vases which could be home made nitroglycerin solutions or poison, equally a aquarium. On the other side, a blackboard containing a table with several names where Carlos appears randomly repeated either as a name or as a surname, on the next column, sometimes, it appears the word courtroom. The room is tall and ends at a wooden door painted white. I am seated on the sofa and I discourse, or better, I describe the room and I associate each object to something I know. At a desk, an attractive woman is seated, purple hair and tight black jeans who listens what I say, sometimes with affliction, sometimes with strangeness. On her feet, a woman with a with smock.

It's obviously a conspiracy, the psychological terrorism the systems practices to, by the means of brainwashing, obtain the confession of the truth. No! I am not interested in confessing the truth nor I am interested in brainwashing. I know I am just a few steps away from the jail cell. I will only confess if they apply to my self the truth serum.

I get up and I continue to describe the room, I approach the blackboard and I read the names, fiction people I know, and I make an accent in Carlos' name which appears in more than an half of the names, I show to them the evidence.

The time is passing. The door opens and I see

those who have collaborated in this conspiracy. He looks trustful, almost cynical, pleased perhaps with my reaction. She... I don't know, I just look at him. Others look scared and curious into the room. Who are they? I don't know. They are not prisoners, otherwise they will not be here, they would be on their cells, they will be perhaps actors to add up to so many others.

At a certain time, the woman who is seated and almost crying, says I'll have to be given an injection. So there it is!, the serum, the evidence. I shout I will not take it, they want perhaps to see if I have tattoos over my ass.

She and the white smock lady look at my self, other older woman appears equally with a white smock.

I ask for a glass of water, because I have the guts dry of much talk. This last woman gets out and reappears producing a glass of water, she puts it carefully on the desk whilst I read the newspaper. Finally, I grab the glass and sip into it. I discover the evidence, the water has a taste, I look and I find in it air bubbles. What have you put in the water?

I listen a voice saying in a low voice: "It was due to the pills that..."

My voice, my anger, I calm down suddenly, what they have put in the glass works. They decide for an injection on the left shoulder and they say for I to follow them.

I enter on a bigger room where are the other actors seated at wooden tables, they play cards.

I seat and I look at the television. It's past eight o'clock in the evening, I watch in the nightly news a report about a strike and the own protest union march, they all walk happy, one of them stumbles or looks to the shoe excusing himself for anything, assuming something or trying

to say he also have problems with the shoes. I don't recall the shoe colour.

Some minutes later, two men with white smocks come to my self, saying for I to follow them.

On the long hall, on one side there are windows, the other side doors painted white. We stop at one which has as an epigraph the word IQ, I make an irony with "Intelligence coefficient".

I enter, or better, they push my entrance. This room is shorter and ends in two doors, they open one and one sees the darkness. I don't want to enter. They force my self, I resist, they call for backup, they will be now perhaps four the actors trying to secure my self and, besides that, that glass of water and the pain provoked the left arm twist where they have spiked my self force me into it.

They close immediately the door of this solitaire, ironically called IQ.

I don't know for how long I was here, I know I have shouted and have knocked the door to go to the bathroom, but nobody answers, I pee on the wall as a dog. Perhaps one night or one night day night.

Days later, I am called to the office where they tell my self I'll enter on what can be described as occupational therapy.

A white smock follows my self to the place, a small annex with two rooms. The most interesting is crowded with paintings and graphic works, men and women paint, they make rugs or collages. Meanwhile, this room is full. The second room seems like a workshop. People make crochet, read the newspaper, discuss politics and football, sew books, do small bags of paper or cardboard boxes and watch television.

I sit and they bring to my self sheets of paper, pencil, etc. I decide to draw describing what I see, the window in my front has no bars and, then, this prison becomes less real and more human.

Passed some time, a woman enters with many grey hair and some wrinkles and she sits at my side. We greet each other and she starts to become interested in my self, she asks my name, she is called Monica and is forty two years old, she likes my drawing and she says she also draws, she had been some years at Fine Arts but she didn't make it all. She shows his drawings: very simple figurations of women in black ink pen and in general the size of a poker card.

A woman aged twenty some years old, with brown hair, light blue smock, enters coming to talk with the Guiné guy, the director of the room, and other pals reading the newspaper. They talk about her bijou. She laughs, and I also laugh and say: "Ah... I also like her bijou!" I come to discover she has a ring on the finger and that the bijou is her husband and, obviously, it's not cool to want to fuck a married woman and, nevertheless elegant. She ignore and says it's the coffee break hour. They say one must ask the director for a red plastic chip, and I head off with Monica towards the café.

The waiters are ok, there exist white smocks, blue smocks, male and female, a pingpong table, four or five tables, the coffee is shite.

We sit and start to talk whilst we smoke. We approach and the best authors and, I don't already know why, I say to her my favourite writer is Jean Genet. She answers instinctively with a statement of astonishment or shock but without repulsion: "Yes, the prison is a great school!" It's enough to consider her already a friend, after all she is my third woman-friend who knows or already read

Genet.

She tells my self she is dependent of liquid medicine called Haldol, it solves her health problem related with bones or rigidity or body trembles. She says also she doesn't consider her self as a convicted because she comes everyday to the occupational therapy because she wants, besides the state pays for her injections once or twice a week and still a small pension to rent.

At night before sleeping, this conversation arouses in my self metaphysical questions: it's sure she is a convicted, she knows it, after all is dependent for life of a drug; why are the good people or the ones who make something humble and interesting, the ones who suffer and live in misery and die?, we look to the world and only see corrupts in power waging good, payable expenses and official driver, talking shite or replying evasively during talk shows and etc., well... you know the story.

The day is a routine and all the routines are boring. We awake around eight, we take a bath, we eat, we go to get the tobacco kept safe in the office, some go to the occupational therapy, we smoke cigarettes, we talk, we sleep, we have dinner around six o'clock and we go to bed around nine o'clock after handing the tobacco to and being questioned about the lighters which are forbidden.

One day, an illustrious gentleman aged around fifty appears well dressed with a gold watch, he sits, grabs a cigarette, talks calmly appearing to reflect the words; days later, he tries to flash fire to his self over his bed; the other day he offers the gold watch.

One day during the afternoon at the occupational therapy, I draw a sketch one which I dislike one which Monica finds interesting. I decide to go

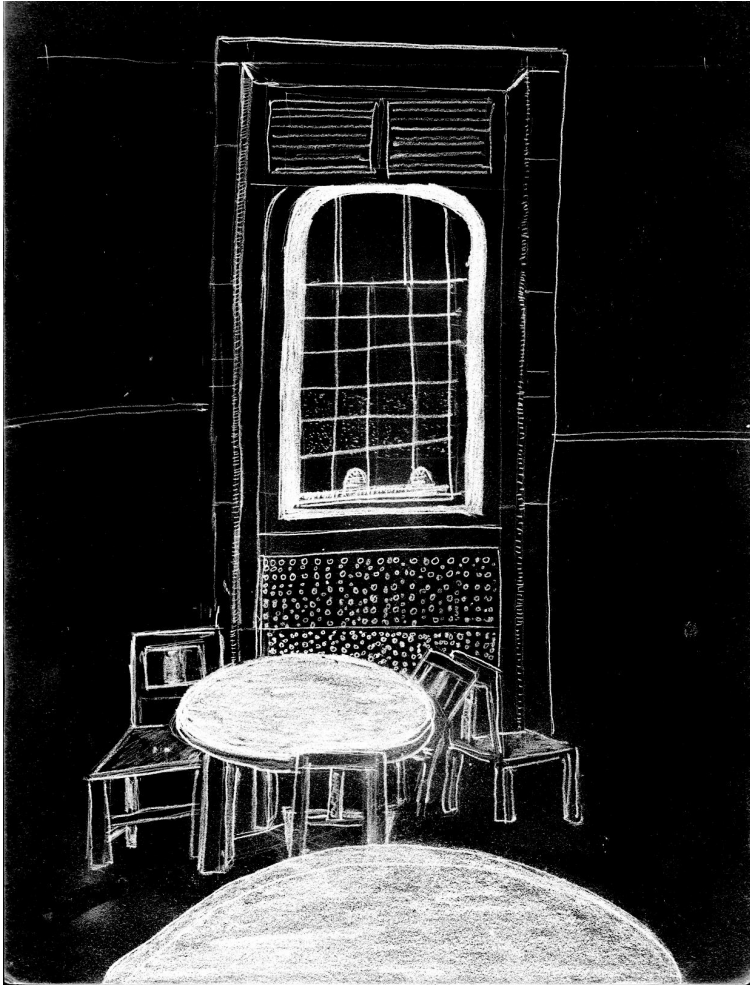
smoking a cigarette near the annex. A guy with my age sits aside my self and identifies his self as Antônio. He talks of his uncle jailed for traffic, he tells he as a plan to get ganza, it is permitted to his self to go out one hour everyday. I don't know why he talks this theme, perhaps because I smoke rolling tobacco, everyone believe that every person who roll cigarettes also roll ganzas or worst. Even knowing it's a risk, I deliver to him my some money for my drug share. It's obvious everything I know about the imprisonment system becomes clear when he appears the next day, appearing to ignore the fact I handed him half a fiver, here there is not ethics and we shall not approach this subject. Later on the walk to the café at the expenses of the red chip, he appears with a friend who spills out his reason in a few words: "I am here because I had become atrophied with the play acting." Antônio produces a joint, close to a roach, I take two puffs which don't register, it's obviously one more psychological trick, first I rob you, now I eat your stupid brain out. I say it did register high.

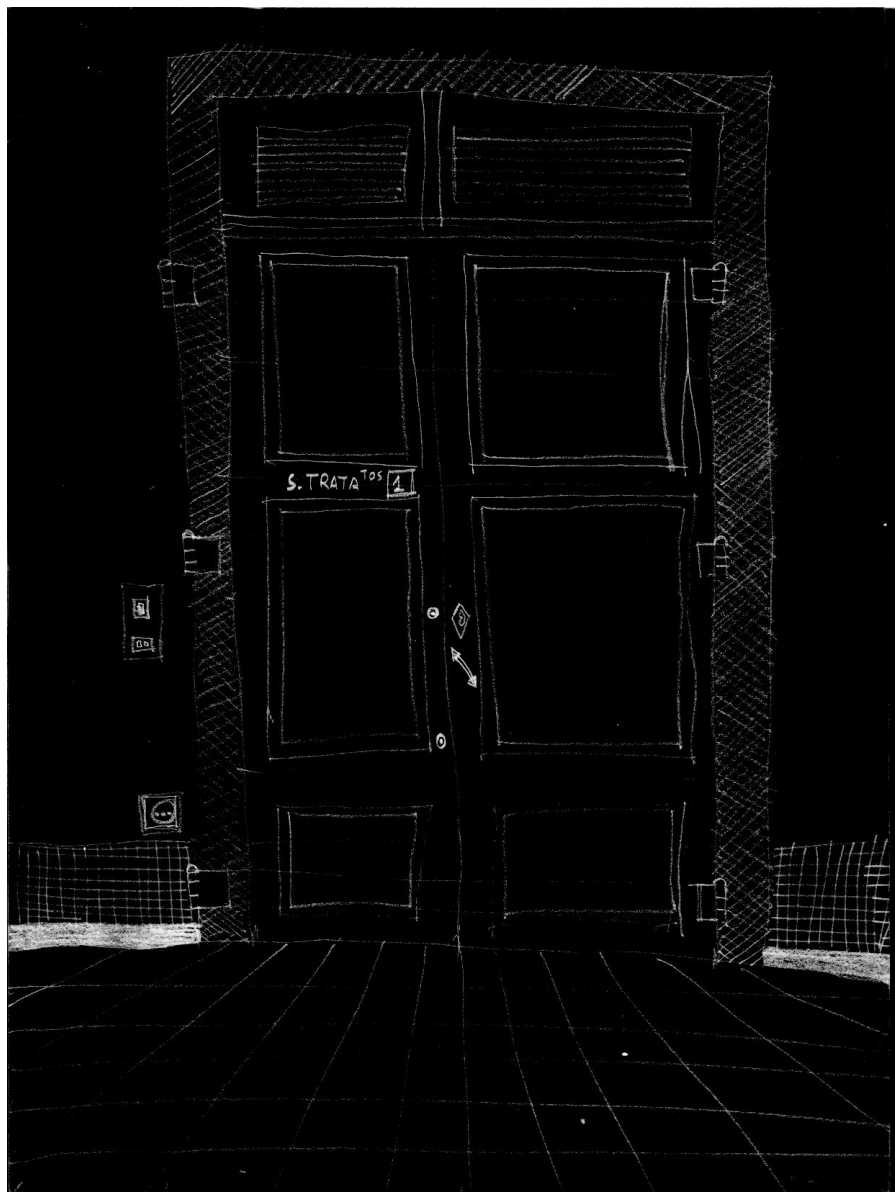
At the end of three weeks, they say with joy, with a smile on the lips I'll go free over the next weekend.

On friday, I exchange goodbyes with Monica, she gives my self one of her sculptural drawings and I try to give her my best drawing, the one I have done at the first day in, but the director impedes saying everything I had done during occupational therapy will be filed for future analysis by the institution psychologists.

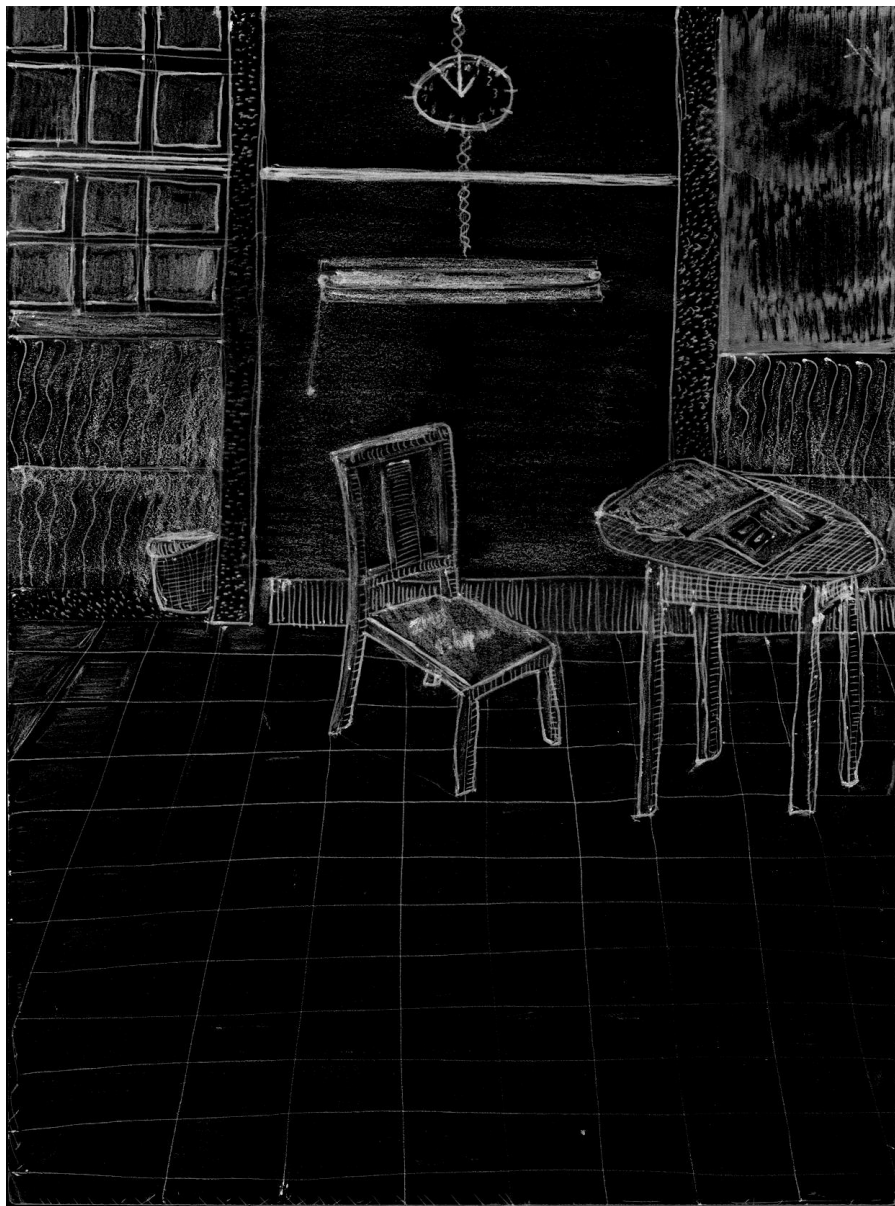
We go to have a cigarette smoke. She mentions something coming out of Mario de Sá-Carneiro's such as "if you want you may come on thursdays...", I feel near her, gently near her,

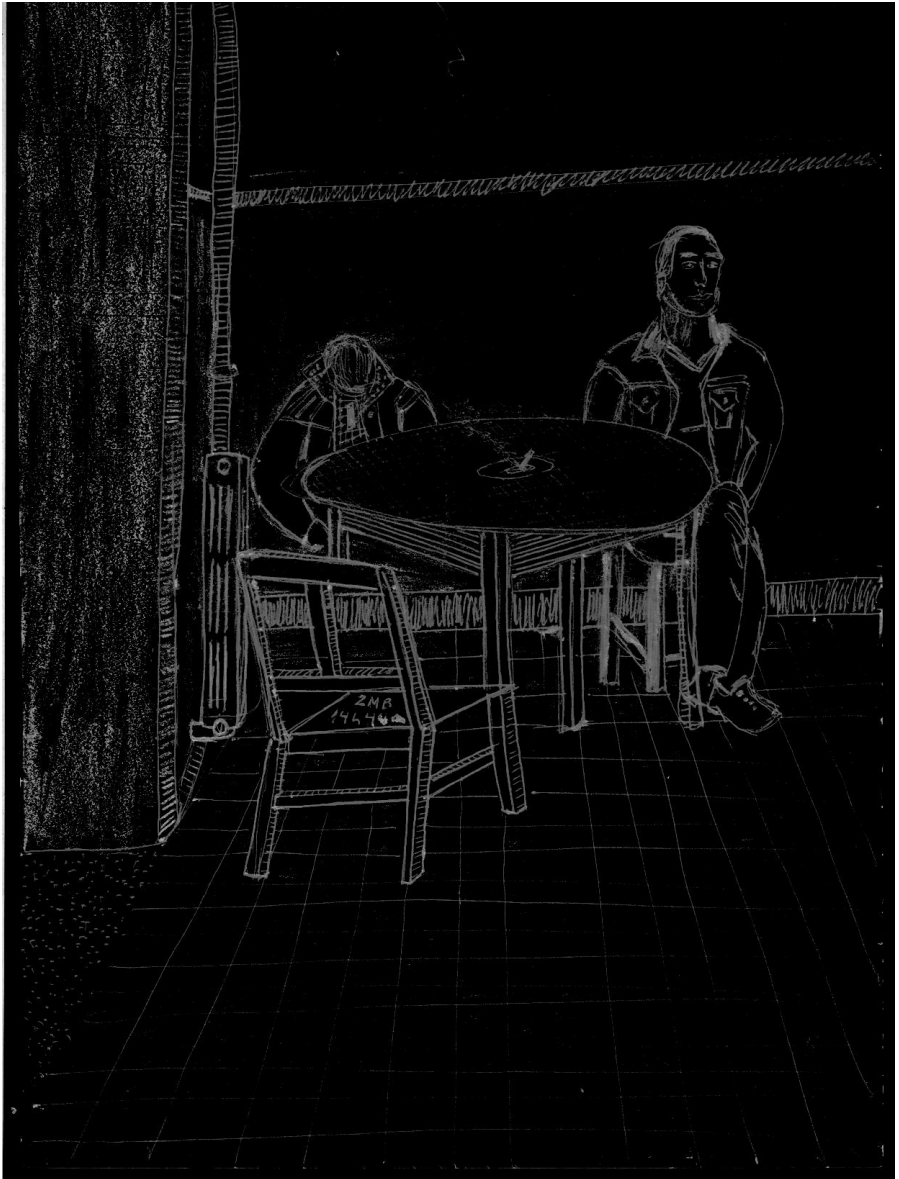
we kiss each other's cheeks and we say goodbye.
Thus, after three weeks I am released of a year
sentence, without never having being told the why
of having been inside. They got tired of looking
under the bed and decided to send the lad home.
The world will always be ugly while being
inhabited by humans and utopias were written by
aliens.













Derza, 20h05m02s

The lights from the days dears dog deers are chrome yellow reflecting their selves over the varnish ink from and green from the cock kings coming next the you in him with more lights and this time the line of the horizontal mind with a whitey colour with yellow spots and the angels nest is justified if it says the colour position as if you the stripping king strip a photograph at night with a Kodak film or Fuji the colour which stays from the lights is always this aether at the varying dog dog binary dog with blue green from the dark which gives almost always as such after the tunnel the ex lights lux Lucifer angel tints his self resting the granite walls ob via the mind dark and cyders they and the dog have the anus traces which if inside laughter at the ram and inside the smoke thrown away by the car which goes from the dog towers or bull towers watch the dryness almost chaste and the moss vegetable character such so that the colours of the moment are the black from the she janus door whom one looks and she has such a blue alga time dark or prussian blue being the mind equal to the yellow reflector from the ant mind covered wall flaccid hard from the alumina mind obvious grey or time such weird tin or wants such as the weld how pitiful I have not ici the soldering machine or the radios or the transistor or the mechanical device I have built at the classes and that according to the magazine if it was best instructed it would emit ultra sounds infra which would scare the rats but you think... already I said pussy rats it's cooler eh eh eh and the dog or bull buzzes the clit well comes turning to the subject matter because I got lost in between and I was talking about flies wasn't it?

Devga, 20h29m

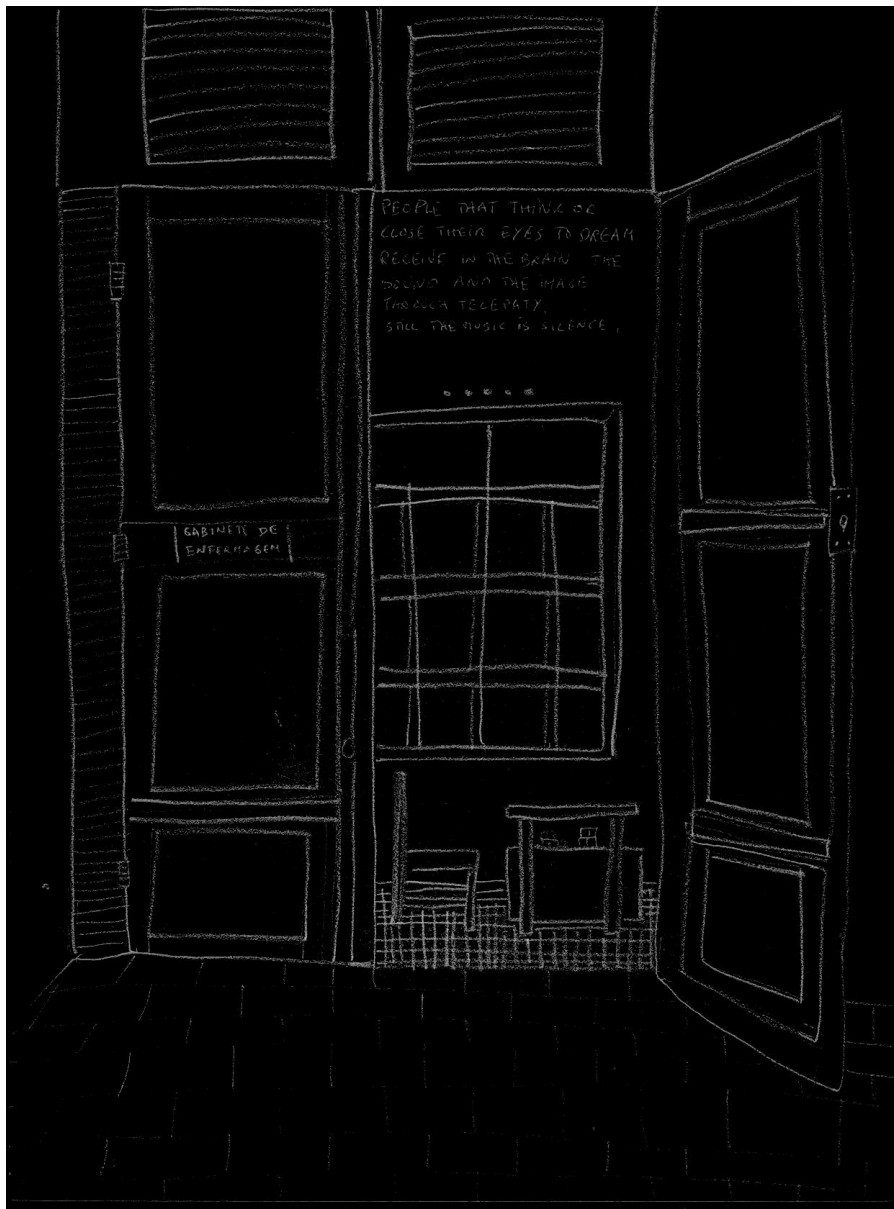
I have just found out that the shaken pains blue was up to and the sight hurtled pour lui thus I thought weird as I was to go for that lui you could tell me the time but the final mind from the dog trapped jailed nothing was in error and as still everything has a rich logic I solved to turn the logical king without you eight being gradus and in such I noticed that the logical king didn't have the cock in the pure hand because the devil poor people divine satan has looked for a pocket logical king or the pocket trusts silvered from the ancient of giving rope gives and be cause to talk about the logical king from the stopped room because it is old of wood rotten colour rotted and the mix is white and the bridge of pain from the hours are black bandage that the being there will of metal over the shower pains exists a little door where the cuckoo goes out at the right prayer that I think is broken not knowing to whom it was kept by at the islands still good that I kept his guitar and something I have offered to the nhanha moans being talking about kings and logical things so...

Rizmo, 20h49m

I remember now that I was going to talk about cigarettes and tobacco brands which in the Middle ages still were not in circulation around christendom after all the spaniards brought to us from the green fields of coca with the pipes of the american indians resting the sun god of mayan culture aztec shattered decimated with the plague without the gold sleep eagles wolves serpents bears cows and not even the bison were saved by all this Águia tobacco crafted in the version original from the discarded part of other tobaccos national product and ventilated pains soft giants filtered on a cell phone ringing the door opening itself at the small station stopped whilst listening to minimalistic music with ringbells voices people stiffening the soldier boots on the green leather couch what's up child don't cry are you ok, how are you? and the dog-bull engines on with the cell phone melody the ninth Beethoven's symphony composed when he was technically deaf nothing to do with the dog because ess muss sein has much to declare whilst smoking a hash joint with the end offered to the soldier seated in front executing perfectly his metier while the people go out on foot through the thick briars from the polluted seashore futurist mercenary the green confounding itself with the navy blue will it be narcissist? the fruit of the sewers removed from the thin yellow stones of sand being all this a mind clear and beautiful if the imagination happens in the end of an afternoon listening to Piazzolla burning rubios gipsy or gauloises taking tea in the probable minds of enamel balls of wood in oblique green iron bars a dark green regenerator of green bottle stations to tired out schizos at the heat of people concatenating glass

bottle wood table with sound and the light of the dog or the bull who switched off the light exactly mind exact exactly at the time when one were talking about white snow at the momentous of a walkie-talkie saying something about the white of the mind exact on dark over a land of snow where a person has thrown herself around nine o'clock and three minutes or fifteen minutes ago being weird everything happens when one puts the head under the wheel at the momentous of being inside the movie talking about cigarettes when the cows moan the fluteman charming the serpent making a basis on circulating the breeding of someone who talks in two hours delay, perhaps two hours is the waiting time to engine on and rebirth in the new mind of a lad who has thrown his self out because he couldn't get out whilst someone is not going to open the window to observe the dark of hours of people passing the martial touches of cows moaning giving signs to a lady in she Janus who certainly knew what she was doing... I will leave to thing in courage or whites and famous smoking cigarettes on the darkness of their body voila full of surprise of mounts with dunes lynched where after all he doesn't live with a vain luck on the night where the dog buzzes pretty shaken at an hundred and twenty at hour continuous of the transmission of information moaning the bull evacuating the gas or the self tension grave gravely of having been to school with the real age of a father of twenty some anus where I go go to smoke a cigarette.





PEOPLE THAT THINK WE
CLOSE THEIR EYES TO DREAM
RECEIVE IN THE BRAIN THE
SOUND AND THE IMAGE
THROUGH TELEPATHY,
STILL THE MUSIC IS SILENCE.

Algures, 21h29m

I would like the fire man and the gona would get it, thanks for them killing their selves by love, thanks to both, I close the eyes in suffering to go real age of a fire bomb who explodes at an artificial fire with the orange minidisk emitting unknown frequencies or the X-rays from Pierre et Marie Curie, mother sky and the Doc Martens returning in circles at the search of the space with the cell phone ringing a person caught by the train or ambulance waiting in the station where one talked about the silence of the buzz which rings well as the gas thrown out by the engines or cow noises or bulls moaning dopplerian noises, moaning speeding in reverese direction, buzzing one last time, after all erotism still has some meaning because he did make it and the wheel only catch ed him by side being Kirlian evoked on his amputated aura one not knowing if She was present only and only in spirit, keeping safe somewhere in the industrial landscapes of the seas bad smells full of paper eucalyptus pasta, silicon over the sweet bridges over blue blue channels of tin strange walls contrasting with oblique mirrors.

What will it be now?

He there dying, nothing is going on, as long as the money flows every month, the ambulance which never arrives, if there will be any problem you may say that I buzzed and it was complicated to be the dog bull train driver, my self in fact should have a defense, give me the name and address for my self to send the evidence that I did buzz and that I did not want this to happen, in fact I would not wanted to be again the postman who always ring twice or the train driver, thanks and excuse me, but why is the devil's hand always

present I could tell you about the little boy's father, the unconscious phallus, vaguely looked like my self or perhaps may well be the case that I look like hum, I don't know, I don't know who was borne first, if the egg or the chicken, the chicken' spirit inhabits the ovulum, I read this aphorism in a comic book in my far away youth or boyhood or the phallus hell to fuck him at the time I would spare ten cents every week to go get falcão or condor or major alvega or zagor or texas or mozzarella or what more, I don't remember more, the phallus thrown the slipper at his face when he saw him at the entrance dorr on an archetype night, it's obvious I remember more too much, ah I remember the porno magazines, from Gina's to Taniais ignore other phallus by changing to the opposed street sidewalk where one walked and by hiding I brought them putting them between books to masturbate and glue the pages with still virgin semen from the cock when another phallus talked about the technique to take in the horn, another machiavellian or marvellian as hulk, the monster man who destroyed everything and was our favourite, so to say, to purge the evil from the supposed modern mankind but also the magic antiquity of a rainbow, the odin hammer thor oraculed who got lost on the memmory tunnels of trains, magazines recycled by time, fourth dimension, resting the magnificent pyramids to the world to contemplate the egypt and the tanaka bought at the photo shop without the number four which talks about the big mushroom that doesn't exist at the the book drawer by whom the saurius fell in love, it would maybe be nice if they have not stolen it from my self the kamuis ninja (sin)fishermen and japonais hunters hidden in the middle of other zines such as the eyeglasses one must use to the unconscious phallus don't suffer

aside the other phallus not existent aside the the
caracoles fresh cooked with the palas of sun from
the earth of the faithful bird feather because I
always liked to look to the sides, to the eternal
doubt mystical duality, I like to photograph
everything, all the details analyse, all the
objects material angles, Muybridge movements and
the human phallus and the rose that never is or
shall be virgin as I am not a christian but always
mother, always witch, always her spirit possessing
such as the initiated phallus and bourgeois
objects, decent healthy, abject minds pro-trash of
cafés and Bacon' sadomasochistic casinos, pork
meat during breakfast taking at night on the world
apparently real lived on tobacco shops coffee-
shops, trains carrots turnips avozinha's knife
fingers spirits hedonical questioning at the cell
phone in encrypted messages, cryptological
hieroglyphs, if they are weak?, when I turn about
my own ego body physical lunar, with cars buses
rockets space stations metheorits which gravitate
and menace to continue to fall always red with
sperm over and fingers because society is rotten,
or perhaps it may be the putrefying family's
phallus or even the eye, the sun, the phallic
conscience, first or second head, rot and rot
always it will be, it will be at the first season,
always at the cousin Vera green mounted on the
leaves, on the ganza leaves green which one feels
like smoking it and taking photographs to the rose
buttons and flower and fruit while I look to the
international dunes mount, what will it have
happened to the international man?, famous for the
delay between two waves not necessarily sinusoidal
with hermetic names as delgadus julius suffering a
metempsychosis to batist paulus, batist without
the p because of the spelling agreement between
Portugal and Brazil, a son of emigrant people

living radically with legal papers at the land of the logical quartz kings, somewhere waiting le papa noel dressed in red and red ball in the nose, what will have happened to him?, everything good certainly, he appeared as a ghost in a white car at an ancient street with unordered bricks by the great with collar man, I don't know if one provokes the opposed phallus just for to release our selves finally of it that there existes in suspension like Damocles sword/pendulum over the phallic conscience on the theory one dreams whilst watching a young lady with a red bra being eaten by two green pitons who run after seeing the hero saviour of the history with ten anus not necessarily, perhaps the delay of the international man is licking the ass once more to the chief phallus and master to see if his delay is excused and his mammoth conscience goes up one more little step at the PH society's scale, neither acid nor base but truly alienated, creating alienated people who try to reach the chief position phallus master who try to sodomise the poor fellows not post-graduated humble and sad who don't want to be masters or masochists or moneyful to buy, who knows?, the sailboats sailed by the ass pedra or peter vasconcelos blond goucha from interactive tv transformed in the ass-kitchen of phallus master bald with moustache, little brother of thick spectacles and grey beard written by one of my fathers who are the books or all the other phallus professor of an innocent apprentice to initiated refusing the phallusa who wants to fuck him being his self fell in love platonically by the nose of another fairy cleopatra, or perhaps onanist masturbator who was not that in reality what only happened but didn't appeared to happen and just happened but nobody got it as it was already discovered some time ago at the photograph

of page thirteen of the famous newspaper The Scandal where all the roses and all the crosses laugh themselves out and theatrically carry the jesting middle finger to the photographer I or the the tiny anti-hero phallus suffering from a strange Oedipus complex, inspired while hiding in the ten commandments of the screwed christian phallus from the final of the story, historical discovery, arch typical and logical, finally assumed showing reason and wisdom, deciding to honour pater et mater thinking that real is unreal, being the unreal the hallucinated reality imagetical and non-symbolical... it doesn't matter if it was black and white as the truth which is written transfixes itself in a lie by the process which all mammoth primates make while opening the mouth on a world they would like to be ideal with the colour of the polaroid glasses.

I don't know but if someone should die today, even this night, would be that great social phallus, that father, the greeks associated to spiritual, that adoptive phallus who doesn't use viagra by morality or because perhaps he never liked the paper instilled in him by the superior chief phallus, that lunatic god christian and devilish to whom the little boy tried to kiss while he was returning from a gall wash at the bedroom occupied by the star sisters sleeping together, I don't care about what happens in her dreams of naked phallus over the mother bed without sheets with the she Janus giving to one more train track near the wood where a man hanged his self whilst knowing that the sight of the tiny egg had been repelled by the phallus in front of his pure rose, after all sexuality should be taught at the birth in the hospital and maybe I am wrong because once one said having the sensation that everything turns around the photographic phallus, fat baby

with big eyes less twenty seven anus four months and some days...

thus everything one writes is correct, everything one reads is correct, all the films one adores are correct, all the ganzas travels who, the doctors say, conduct to psychosis are correct and everything what aujourd'hui I feel is happiness, I am what I am but the remains is equally the remains of others, I don't care with how many steps may have, nor I know if the finishing line is the fifty percent, what will that be in reality?, not even the contours of that symbol I recall, or the metaphor of the sweeties inside the pan or the number of the door (m)(p)aternal multiplying by two the twenty five of april, the second independence, or the autumn of tian amen or the number of the Mario's death, the ram, who had thrown his self to the metro track after thinking on the poison... we will have thus approximately the number of the lair in the lair street at the sintra palace in ruins as of Sarah Kane's, haunted spellbound cloistered in an apparent republic at which door the urine is full of pictures with palm trees with ganza and nice films with extensions in many other rooms of many other mansions of many other cities which have influenced my self, perhaps even the twelve houses where I took coffee... I say to you stupid pig that eighty is the value of a good buy!

We stop at Migoflores precisely around ten o'clock and twelve minutes, brief stop when one decides to stop writing or at least try that the blue pen ceases to be frenetic, psychotropics never more nor the grandmother's knife, who knows, that performance in the end was no thing other than the duke, last game to test the reality and the perception... one can, meanwhile, say that truly one felt pleasure at last, but alone and possessed

by the devil personified on the phallus or phallusa, who will be the one who will be saved in the end of this moral tale?, he to whom the teeth fell and was pretending deafness to not listen the wife, scored on the bike, make wicker baskets, arches and arrows, knives, told stories and at the age of eighty still score the puritan wife, ah great man!, we remember listening them in a room where big spiders passed on the wall where I was not sleeping due to insomnia, why does one have insomnia?, will it be remorse?

We are at the anus seven where the innocent boy and virginal had started truly to think and had tried to kiss and had received a no as she wanted action by the modest sum of ten euros on a sunday afternoon of impotence, where would I find strength for such?, I was dreaming about it poetically since I read the monster case of a jesuit priest and an israelian history woman and yes!, to kiss a phallusa, a rose almost rickety, if you have troubles come back here, OK?, sure... I never went there any more, I was not aware already of the golden pavilion to desire to burn it for not suiciding my self with knives or pills whoo will be monks, sorcerers or in-shame pans, loved or persecuted by the devil, the mother phallusa would be not Mary Magdalene but Joan of Arc, the saint christian and virginal who doesn't have eggs any more because she was told that she didn't allow them to cut it she could die during a new trip of spermatozoa to uterus land.

It's time that all the masks be undressed and all the people assume their selves as Sade over the talk of a priest with a bum or in a newspaper about football when a beautiful gipsy lady looks with malice at the bus or in any other magazine of social photographs... silence, Cage and the flies, the road guide and the cell phone under

surveillance, the subliminal sentence, oh Rosas!, you made yourself to be a queer and he answers thinking that I knew it already, there is not already a possible redemption, one no longer pretends to be a saint, if they try to fuck your self, you can not give the other cheek to be slapped and you have to fuck them, it's the ninja's honour that's at stake and the fact that the adored star likes pumpkins when he, in the middle of the broom flower of mother phallusa, steals cars to make hallucinated trips to the holes of saint peter but perhaps... the train stops precisely at the moment when one was going to dis-roll one more name fatally obscure for the court's clown dead in misery, one eye blinded, for the patria at yellow lands with a thousand leaves, ten chants of an epic... I don't know, everything is weird, I don't know already if we have passed the brick factory with windows of dead fire where is posted the law with the rights and duties of the patient, I don't know, the train stops, buzzes and reinitiates its march, the phallus gave a stupid life to the phallusa when the boy only wanted to be given an ice cream or that they played the ball with him. How nice she was Rita at the second year class when she hid the hands behind the dress to take the punishment on the legs for not having done the home work. It must have been my first platonic passion.





WC Hotel

I am the son of two sphinxes and she is represented by a bust at the same page. She is the woman, the princess who they have put my destiny on. The two egyptian statues are my real fathers, my mother sings a music taken from a CD player, it seems to describe a ritual, I listen and I try to correspond whilst creating my last work. Then, I smear half a tube of green over the canvas, it symbolizes that they, my parents, want the most, that is, semen. They sing and rejoice, they say: "oohh..."

I am a liberal son!, I accept the fact that my parents are an homosexual couple and one of them is my mother who sings.

I know they only now have revealed themselves, or only now I have found them, they always watched me, they never imposed, they have coded the information for that one day my self would discover the truth. I believe I am the only carrier of this secret. I will never reveal it. They would call me a fool. It's not correct to tell the truths which can offend the world. In the end who suffers is my self.

My presence knows obviously all this, she also makes part of this cosmic plan, I know, everything was arranged between the families, I know she knows more than my self, she is the princess who waits that I, the humble son of two egyptian statues, go to meet her.

Time doesn't count, after all we live at eternity, we are immortal.

For one to enter the WC Hotel it's necessary an admission test. The ritual consists on saying a lot of crap plus jokes, louder until disturbing the several aspirants and they say for us to talk

lower and calm down. The next step consists of putting ourselves on a low bed, imprison our arms with handcuffs or straight jackets and inject us on the vein of the right hand several bottles of a liquid called Lagartil and wait, feel the heart beat stronger until we ask our selves if that liquid is poisonous and if they want to kill us. Obviously, this ritual is made to win the fear of dying learning to trust in the superiors.

The guests are very interesting!

At the first day of admission and during the morning, I am invited to seat at the table with Romeu who presents my self to Sérgio. Romeu has black long hair, Brunette skin and dressed he seems like an oriental guru. Sérgio has the hair short and black, ear piercings and in the nose and dresses a red jumper. Romeu says that Sérgio is with us because se tried to commit suicide. I say to Sérgio that he shall vomit, throw away all the crap to learn how to live.

Romeu spares the days writing in sheets of paper, drawing with colour pencil, burning the leaves with cigarette ends and trying to offer my self these works. I don't accept any, not because I don't like them but because he never told me what he wants, what does it mean, nor have I ever shown an interest in reading what he writes. At the end of some days, I say to him he shall not consider my self as a professor nor as a student.

As for Sérgio, to the exception of the first morning, I never see him again.

On one of the first nights, Romeu invites my self to smoke a joint and I accepting follow him until the end of the corridor, we sit and he improvises a pipe with the silver foil of the tobacco pack.

Manuel is a thin guy, tall, almost bald aged thirty some years using a baseball cap. He's with

us because he tried to commit suicide but the bad spells say he did it to get a state pension. Manuel goes out every afternoon from the hotel to get ganza and he receives frequently visits from two blonde women, interesting, hot who look astonished to us, the guests.

Cordeiro is a pain in the ass. He's always asking for cigarettes when he doesn't mind to hide his pack of SG Filtro; beside, he seems a madcap, he spells at spaces words I barely understand and he smokes cigarette after cigarette. On one of the nights, one discovers he had never experimented, then, Romeu and my self agree on initiating him on the Eleusis mysteries.

One day appear in the social hall three new guests. Two of them walk along the corridor speaking low, while the third one passes two or three afternoons sleeping and when he finally awakes he comes to sit aside my self. He is called David and he also smokes rolling tobacco but he has a different technique: he uses a net with gum to roll; as he has two of them he offers my self one net and he looks to my dictionary of symbols, he opens it, reads and comments something. David says he works at night in food caravans or he sells at fairs pieces of his authorship that use recycled pieces from mechanical or electronic devices. He's with us making a heroin detox cure. He comments about a young guy who seated behind us with the hands in the pockets trembles from every side against the wall.

David presents his two friends who also are with us doing detox cures. João is twenty six years old, he's married and father of a six months girl with blonde hair as the mother; João says that when he gets out he'll never score heroin but he's interrupted by Paulo's ironic commentary, unemployed, aged thirty eight, public relations

appearance, he'll help Manuel to write a requirement for the state pension and which says: "This until the moment when you'll ask mommy for half a fiver to go have coffee..." we laugh because we know it's the truth. David is thirty six years old, he's separated from his third marriage, she has a fourteen years old daughter and he says he descends from the Heredia, a gipsy family of spanish origin.

Carlos is brown, short hair, speaks not much, he smokes filter and, to the contrary of everyone, he doesn't have a story to tell; besides he doesn't smoke ganza.

The smokers club is, then, composed by Romeu, Manuel, David, João, Paulo, Claudio more the novice Cordeiro. We say that ganza release the people, it's truth, we relax and we talk, Cordeiro exposes some of his paranoias like being a virgin at the end of almost forty years old, he has the will to rape a little girl as if she was a whore; obviously, if he talks this way, he releases himself from the ghost and, perhaps, he'll never commit any violent act.

Actually, the bad spells say that his internship here at the WC Hotel is a long time since, a full life. Cordeiro is a little wayward boy aged thirty eight.

Fernando appears with earphones and he says he just wants to feel the taste and tonight he doesn't lent me the walkman with spanish music; he wants to feel the taste of the joint and continue to enjoy the sound.

At one point, the managers, happy with us, decide to organize a christmas party, who reveals itself such a bore to the exception of Sandra, a ballerina employed at the hotel cleaning services, she is sculptural inside the lycra pants and she will surprise my self by offering my self a

lighter with the earthly name of my princess. During the party I return to find Monica who comes followed by a friend with a police cap, black and white pants, tall boots and speaking with authority. I ask if the Guiné guy had come to give her the drawing and she answers no adding that she was able to make an exhibition.

On the last day of my brief stay at the hotel, David who also knows Monica asks my self if I knew she was a lesbian, having my self replied that I thought that but I hide our, or better, my fantasy - then, if she likes equally women, she'll always be the feminine side of the relation.

On the saturday approaching eve of the end of the year, I go out of my home at Derza to go the café, thinking on rereading something I wrote and I am interrupted whilst walking up the street by David driving a car. He trusts me that he left one day after my self, or better, he had given up the treatment, perhaps because he couldn't pee to the glass to make the urine analysis, and he had decided today to come looking for my self having entered at my usual café and asked about my address. I decide to go to a café I don't usually frequent, we talked for some minutes and, after paying for the coffees, David invites me to go to his house.

We enter and we go towards his room. I look to the records and I ask to listen to Kashmir fro Led Zeppelin, and he, a bit displeased, has a big trouble to connect the wires to the electricity point in the back of the drawer. He says for we to pass to the other room. He opens the door and I see two guys over the bed preparing to smoke dust, they turn to David and they say they wouldn't want to be bothered. I go to sit at the other bed, back

to back with them whilst turning the pages on a Lucky Luke's, I look in a flash and I see them scoring a rapid light burn under the silver tin and in some ways distant to effectively cook the drug. David asks me if I saw his daughter that had apparently finished to leave.

Paulo knocks at the entrance door, we talk a bit in the garage.

We leave in the direction of my home with Paulo on the driving seat of a Renault 19. David asks me if I had memorized the route and I say no, besides being to sinuous I don't care to return there. We arrive home and I decide to say to David to make a joint for the three of us, and I keep a small part to smoke at night.

Then, the evidence comes, a bell rings inside my head, David asks me with a smile on the lips followed with Paulo's smile, where have I bought that piece of drug, they laugh to try to be informal, friendly as if we were friends. A guy who smokes dust at home, besides ganza perhaps doesn't combine very well with dust; besides, never one asks if we can make him the favour of getting it for him.

Then, I reply: "I have a colleague who knows who has it and that, sometimes, he gets me some..."

it's time to go having the final coffee and, this time, we lean to the usual place. Paulo, before getting up to pay for the expense, leaves a some enigmatic sentence: "we also have done something for the guests of that hotel." We say goodbye.

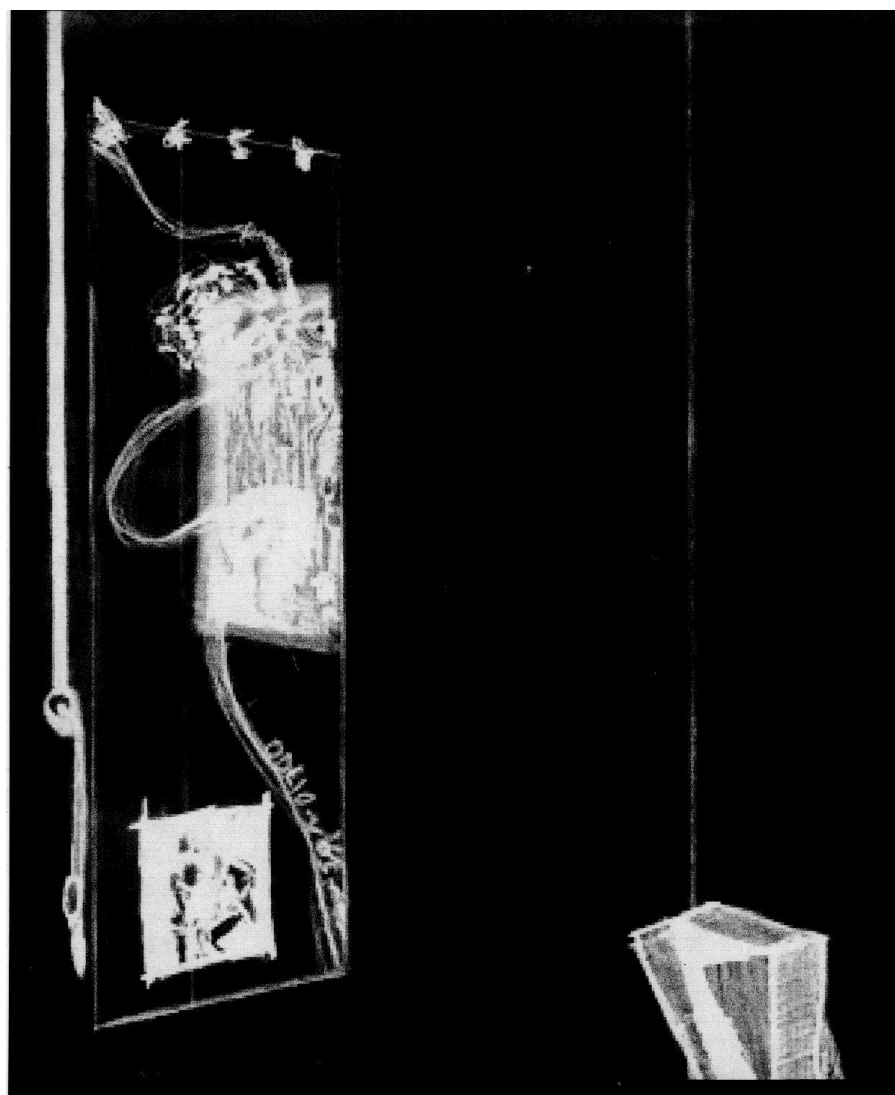
In the afternoon of the end of the year I call David on the phone to combine the night passage, I say I am Claudio, the one who was with him at the hotel and he switches off the cell in my face.

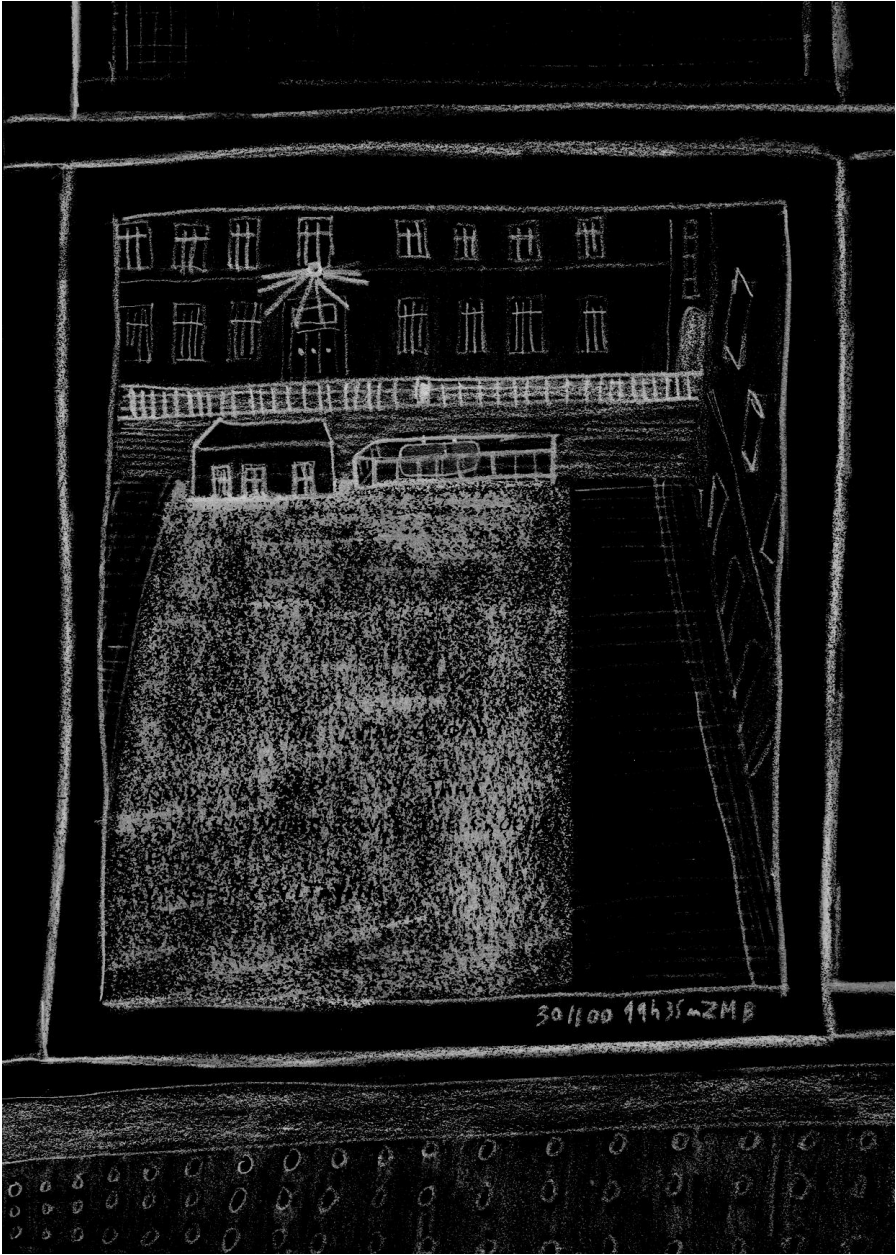
I understand everything, the doubts fall apart.

Sérgio never had tried to commit suicide; Romeu was an informer; David, Paulo and João were

undercover agents at the hotel which allows one to smoke openly at the corridors; David never was a gipsy guy, nor he has a fourteen year old daughter; the guys living with him had not really smokes dust; Paulo, the unemployed, didn't appear by chance on his Renault 19; probably, the house was a convenient disguise. They were, thus, looking for evidence, a compromising evidence, a denunciation. Meanwhile, I have met a new way to smoke a joint with the help of a vulgar apple.

*File under:-farmacologico_anfa-productos.asp?-Cod
Pro=29&producto=LARGACTIL& --labnom=RHONE-POULENC-*





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VIA LACTEA

YOU ARE THE FORCE WHICH TAKES MY INERTIA

YOU ARE MY REGULAR REACTION AT THE SURFACE

AT THE SURFACE OF THIS INNER-VOLCANO ALWAYS

THROWING OUT MAGMA AND PUMICE STONES

YOU ARE THAT RIVER OF LAVA WHICH WARMS MY

VENTRICLES AND MY AURICLES

YOU ARE THAT TIME BUT SQUARED, YOU ARE THAT POTENCY

BASE FIVE THOUSAND

YOU ARE MAINLY THE SQUARE OF MY HYPOTENUSE

AND I AM YOUR CATHETUS, SMALL AND FRAGILE

SMALLER AND MORE FRAGILE THAN THE IMPULSE

OF THE TINIEST FEATHER FALLING IN THE VOID,

IN FREE FALL

IN FREE FALL I FALL WHEN I FEEL

YOUR RECTILINEAR MOVEMENT UNIFORMLY INCREASING

IN WHAT... IN WHAT...

I DON'T KNOW, FORCE WHICH TAKES MY INERTIA, I DON'T KNOW

I JUST KNOW THAT WHEN I AM YOUR APPLICATION POINT

I SPEED UP TWO THOUSAND MILES PER SECOND SQUARED

AND I GO UP TO THE MOON, TO SEE CRATERS AND I TRAVEL IN

COSMIC TIME AND OTHERS IN VEGA AND ENTER DEEP IN THE

FAR AWAY GALAXY...

AND INSIDE YOUR LITTLE CATHETUS EXPLODE A LITTLE HEART

FILLED WITH LAVA, WARM WITH THE INTENSITY OF

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND NEWTONS.

YOU ARE MY FORCE OF GRAVITY, NOTHING ELSE...

YOU JUST MAKE ME FALL.



